

Bond

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DRAMATIC  
NUMBER



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MARCH 20 1909

# The Prudential

made the  
**Greatest Gain  
in Insurance in Force**

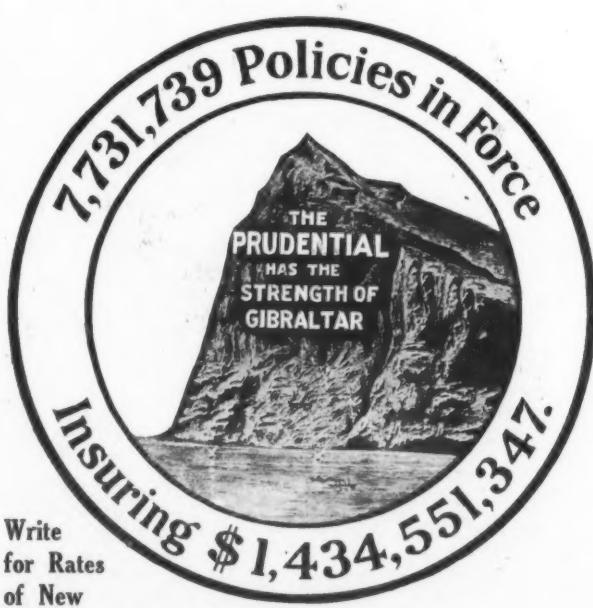
in 1908,

**of Any Life Insurance Company in the World!**

## Giant Strides of a Giant Company:

Gain in Life Insurance in Force, in 1908, over	- - - - -	97 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders, during 1908, over	- - - - -	19 Million Dollars
Dividend Fund to Credit of Participating Policies, Dec. 31, 1908, nearly	15 Million Dollars	

**Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, plus Amount  
Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars !**



### OTHER 1908 FEATURES

Expenses Reduced.

New Monthly Income Policy Inaugurated.

Loaned to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies,  
to Dec. 31, 1908, over 10 Million Dollars.

Tax Payments in 1908, nearly 1¼ Million Dollars.

**The Prudential  
Insurance Co. of America**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

# FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

There are certain well defined principles that determine the practicability and pleasure of automobiling—fix absolutely the standard of comfort and expense.

Do you know these principles? Many motorists do not. They have accepted as necessary the very drawbacks which these principles avoid.

## Roads

"Which is the best road?" How often automobilists ask that question.

"We had a fine trip except for the roads" is a remark you have heard many tourists make—showing that they have experienced discomfort, that their automobile is not suited to road conditions.

There is a reason, and it lies in the disregard of principles that make for comfort and practicability.

## The Mistake

Go back to your experience with carriages and road wagons. You were very particular as to their riding quality—the kind of springs they had, their weight and the way they stood up. They had to be light, flexible and strong. They had to stand rough roads and at the same time ride easily.

Apply these principles to your automobile. It is a road vehicle. To accept it as something totally different—a machine the discomforts of which you must put up with—is a mistake, and a common mistake.

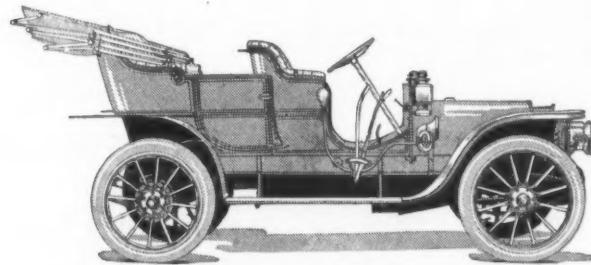
You can be as particular about your automobile as you were about your carriage. The Franklin automobile like your carriage has a wood chassis frame and full-elliptic springs front and back. And like your carriage it rides easily. It is light; it stands up. It is easily controlled. It meets the conditions of American roads—gives comfort and pleasure at all times.

## Springs

If the half-elliptic springs used on automobiles were each seven feet long they would have on good roads about the same riding quality as the forty-inch full-elliptic springs on the Franklin. On ordinary roads they would not do so well, for half-elliptic springs no matter what their length absorb perpendicular shocks only, whereas the full-elliptic springs on the Franklin take up the shocks from every direction. Full-elliptic springs have long been the standard for road wagons. Think how your carriage would ride with half-springs. You want riding comfort in an automobile as much as in a carriage; more, because you go farther and faster, and it takes you everywhere.

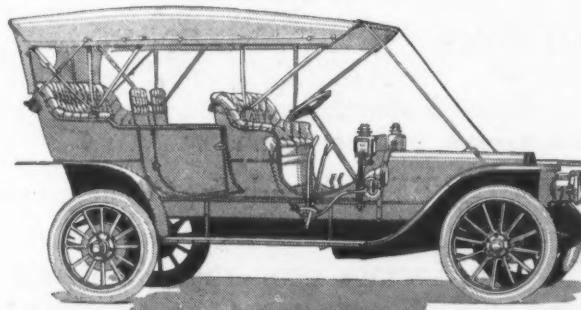
Franklin Model D is of such well balanced proportions, is so sensible and economical in every sense, that it is aptly termed the ideal family automobile. It is not too large nor too heavy. It is roomy but not bulky; comfortable and easily managed. No automobile with steel frame and half- or semi-elliptic springs equals it on American roads.

Franklin Model H six-cylinder touring-car is the only light-weight large automobile. It is luxurious but without the disadvantage of excessive weight and bulk. No other large automobile will carry its passengers so far in a day with comfort nor do so much on so low an operating cost.



Model D four-cylinder five-passenger 28-h.p. touring-car, \$2800 (top extra)

Other four- and six-cylinder models from \$1750 to \$5000



Model H six-cylinder seven-passenger 42-h.p. touring-car, \$3750 (top extra)

Our new forty-page catalogue de luxe treats the whole automobile question in a clear and fair manner—shows why the Franklin, now in its eighth year, is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and ability. Write for it.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

# THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

TO POLICYHOLDERS:

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1909.

The following synopsis of the Annual Statement, as of December 31st, 1908, is submitted for your information:

	1908	1907
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$472,339,508.83</b>	<b>\$453,928,775.06</b>
Stocks at Market Quotations of December 31,		
Bonds at amortized values.		
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>	<b>391,072,041.93</b>	<b>379,372,284.59</b>
Consisting of Insurance Fund \$384,152,880 and \$6,919,161.93 of miscellaneous liabilities.		
The Insurance Fund (with future premiums and interest) will pay all outstanding policies as they mature.		
<b>TOTAL SURPLUS</b>	<b>81,267,466.90</b>	<b>74,556,490.47</b>
With an increasing number of maturities of Deferred Dividend Policies this sum will gradually decrease.		
<b>NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR</b>	<b>91,262,101.00</b>	<b>73,279,540.00</b>
This is an increase for the year of nearly 25 per cent. as compared with 1907.		
<b>TOTAL AMOUNT PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS DEATH BENEFITS</b>	<b>47,861,542.69</b>	<b>45,305,831.30</b>
20,324,002.65	18,992,079.87	
97 per cent. of all Death Claims in America were paid within one day after proof of death was received.		
<b>ENDOWMENTS</b>	<b>4,830,170.10</b>	<b>4,704,119.32</b>
<b>ANNUITIES, SURRENDER VALUES AND OTHER BENEFITS</b>	<b>14,696,354.16</b>	<b>14,100,855.97</b>
<b>DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS</b>	<b>8,011,015.78</b>	<b>7,508,776.14</b>
1909 Dividends to Policyholders will approximate \$10,000,000.		
<b>TOTAL LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS</b>	<b>57,053,555.28</b>	<b>49,615,393.06</b>
<b>DIVIDENDS TO STOCKHOLDERS</b>	<b>7,000.00</b>	<b>7,000.00</b>
This is the maximum annual dividend that stockholders can receive under the Society's Charter.		
<b>EARNINGS OF THE SOCIETY FROM INTEREST AND RENTS</b>	<b>20,636,405.61</b>	<b>19,485,110.01</b>
<b>OUTSTANDING LOANS ON REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES</b>	<b>97,570,767.22</b>	<b>95,008,970.00</b>
Invested at an average rate of 4.70 per cent. as against 4.53 per cent. in 1907.		
<b>TOTAL EXPENSES, including Commissions and Taxes</b>	<b>9,758,447.46</b>	<b>9,846,858.69</b>

The average gross rate of interest realized during 1908 amounted to 4.45 per cent., as against 4.39 per cent. in 1907, 4.26 per cent. in 1906, 4.03 per cent. in 1905 and 3.90 per cent. in 1904.

  
PRESIDENT.

# AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL, TOURS

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished upon request by  
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT  
420 W. 13th Street, New York



RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

225 Fifth Ave., New York  
300 Washington St., Boston  
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Other tours to  
CALIFORNIA  
MEXICO  
FLORIDA

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

## SIDE TRIPS THROUGH HOLLAND

THE WONDERLAND OF EUROPE  
Don't fail to see the most picturesque, historical  
and interesting part of the continent.

VERY SMALL EXPENSE!  
From London Start Any Time 3 Days

From Paris From Anywhere 5 Days

From Berlin 7 Days

Write for beautiful booklets and itineraries showing every detail of delightful tours.

C. BAKKER, General Agent  
Netherlands State Rys.—Flushing Royal Mail Route  
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## EUROPE SEVENTY TOURS— COVERING ALL ROUTES

\$150 to \$1195

All traveling expenses included. Send for  
the blue booklet

THOS. COOK & SON  
245 BROADWAY NEW YORK  
Travelers' Cheques good everywhere

## AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE By S. S. Arabic, 16,000 Tons, Oct. 16 30 TOURS TO EUROPE \$250 UP

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

EUROPE AND ORIENT  
28th Season—Limited Parties, Exceptional Advantages  
DR. and MRS. HOWARD S. FAINE  
148 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y.

EUROPE Miss Weldon, unlim-  
ited experience For  
eign. The Chautauqua Tours  
entertain young ladies  
abroad. Very highest References. Address Miss Weldon.  
Terry Hill Hotel, New York, or Chelsea, Atlantic City

EUROPE 2 brochures on most desir-  
able tours and hotels Free.  
The Chautauqua Tours  
Appleton, Wisconsin

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified  
the various hotels in the United States and Canada  
according to tariff in their respective cities.  
One asterisk (\*) will be placed opposite the advertisement  
of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage  
demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (\*\*) indicates  
the hotel which appeals to those who desire  
high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three  
asterisks (\*\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to  
commercial travelers and those requiring good service at  
economical rates.

ALBANY, N. Y.  
The Hampton Albany's newest first-class fireproof  
hotel. Bath with each room. Near  
to station and boats. E.P. \$2 up. F.C. Gillespie.

BALTIMORE, MD.  
Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of  
12 stories, all rooms outside with  
bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Halls. \$2.00 a day up.

BOSTON, MASS.  
United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston  
Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with  
bath. A.P. \$2 up. In center of business section.

BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Hotel Statler "THE COMPLETE HOTEL." New  
—Elegant—Central. 300 rooms. \$1.50  
baths. Circulating Ice Water to all rooms. European Plan.

CHICAGO, ILL.  
Chicago Beach Hotel 5th Boul. and Lake Shore.  
American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System;  
50 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

CINCINNATI, OHIO  
Hotel Sinton 400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall.  
Absolutely fireproof. Magnificently  
equipped. Large, light sample rooms.

NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Broadway Central Hotel Only N.Y. Hotel featuring  
American Plan. Our table  
the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

Latham 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel.  
Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50  
and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

# Collier's

Saturday, March 20, 1909



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**SOCIETY BRAND** Clothes  
for Young Men and Men who stay  
Young. Different—yet dignified.

Permanent crease (patented) in all trousers

Designed and made in Chicago by  
Alfred Decker & Co.

Distributed through the better clothiers

Portfolio "B" free upon request

**Society Brand**



**Hotel Endicott**

A FAVOURITE NEW YORK HOTEL

COLUMBUS AVE. 61st & 62d STS.

JAMES W. GREENE, Mgr.

The best Hotel in New York  
for modest persons of means.

Rates and particulars upon request.

**CAMP OXFORD**, OXFORD, MAINE.

A pioneer boys' camp. Everything to give the boy a profitable and happy summer. Booklet. A. F. CALDWELL, A. M.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420  
West Thirteenth Street, New York  
City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

\* Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of  
business section. Modern fireproof.  
European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mgr.

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

\* Powers Hotel recently remodeled and refurbished.  
A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary  
ventilation. Rathskeller. European plan.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

\* Hotel St. Francis In heart of the city opp. beautiful  
park, near clubs, shops and theatres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1000. \$2 up, E. P.

### SEATTLE, WASH.

\* Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete  
steel and marble. In fashionable shopping  
district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

\* Hotel Richmond 17th and H Sts. near White House.  
Modern. A. & E. Plans. 100 rooms.  
50 baths. Ask Collier's. Booklet mailed. Clifford M. Lewis.

### HEALTH RESORTS

#### BILOXI, MISS.

Hotel Biloxi On the Beach of the Gulf of Mexico.  
Sea-breezes and sunshine. American  
Plan. \$2.50 to \$5.00.

\* WALTERS PARK, PA.  
The Walters (Hotel) Sanitarium From New  
York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

## Collier's National Hotel Directory

### WINTER RESORTS

#### ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

\* Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. One asterisk (\*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (\*\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

#### MONTCLAIR, N. J.

\* "The Montclair" On The Mountain Top NORFOLK, VA.

\* The Lorraine Fire-proof. 8 stories high. Convenient to residential and business sections. European plan. \$1.50 up. L. Berry Dodson, Mgr.

\* Princess HOTEL Ocean end of So. Carolina Ave. Coziest grill in city. Amer. and Eur. plans. Private baths. Special Spring rates. C. E. Cope.

\* Hotel Ostend WHOLE BLOCK BEACH FRONT. Cap. 600. Music; sea water plunge; Am. plan. \$2.50 up, daily. Special rates. Coach. Booklet.

\* The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (\*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (\*\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S







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### White and Gold

Painted by HOWARD G. CUSHING

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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

March 20, 1909

### Colonel Mann

**B**EHOLD A SPECTACLE of penalties and rewards. On a certain bridle-path, on sunny afternoons, a gray-bearded man is seen proceeding, on a quiet steed, slowly but with evident enjoyment. By his side rides a youth—for company or protection? Saddle-horses in that neighborhood are a token of prosperity. The Colonel at other hours is whirled in his motor about the metropolis. His apparel is expensive. He has numerous invitations. In a newspaper, called the Mobile "Register," we peruse the following:

"The Colonel and his family are always welcome visitors to Mobile, which has no stancher friend than Colonel MANN."

Yes, reader, the secret has escaped. It is Colonel MANN. There was printed also an interview with the Colonel, in which the venerable army officer, he of the flowing whiskers, declared Mobile "destined to become a great resort," largely because it had "the most delightful society in America." The Colonel understands society. He knows how it is composed and what may be extracted from it. Also he shows to the young how a man may be affronted, molested, exposed before a jeering world, and yet ride safely through all perils and be treated kindly by destiny—provided only he use brains and keep money where it can be reached. A checkered career, filled with pitfalls and alarms! North and South he has pursued a vocation fraught with danger from individuals, from society, from the law; in the end his rewards are peace, recognition, prosperity. His gallantry must be recognized, his ways accepted, by those who read his journals, contribute, or advertise therein. The "Smart Set," "Town Topics," "Tales"—these are his; and, altogether, those who show their approval by one or other method of support are sufficient in number to form a touching tribute to the deeds and standards of a sweet old man.

### Poor Lincoln

**F**ORGING OPINIONS for him is a species of tribute to LINCOLN which might profitably be discontinued. We have already cited those manufactured by prohibitionists on the one hand and saloon men on the other. The Socialists have been at it also. What LINCOLN said against slavery is so garbled as to read as if it were said against employment of one man by another. His well-known views about the importance of labor are wrenching away from the sentences, immediately following, which emphasize the rights and benefits of capital. In a message to Congress in 1861, LINCOLN issued a warning, which he repeated in 1864:

"Nor should this lead to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise."

Oh, brewers, Socialists, prohibitionists, can you not quote ABRAHAM LINCOLN faithfully or allow his just mind to remain beyond your bitter controversies? He is dead. His opinions are on record. You can not change them. Have you not confidence enough in your own thought to cease from parody and invention, in the name of one who spoke straightforwardly and according to the truth?

### Geography and Pegasus

**I**NAUGURATION DAY POEMS came into our office last month to the number of about 240. Every State in the Union was represented with the exception of Florida, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, and Vermont. (Why Vermont?) Even foreign lands, such as England, Ireland, Switzerland, and Germany contributed. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California led. Together they sent 101. In a letter accompanying a poem from Nebraska the author sums up the situation thus:

"I made up my mind that if the great poets of the academic East would not sing, at least one of the small poets of the Wild West would do his duty."

Did the "great poets" of the East hold up their end? Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut together sent but five. Oregon alone sent five. North Dakota sent five; likewise Kentucky; Texas, six. The Bay State, with her heritage of bards, gave but three more

March 20

manuscripts than Missouri. Are the Shakespeares, Shelleys, Miltons, and Wordsworths of this continent about to be discovered west of the Great Divide or, at any rate, of the Mississippi? And are there only 240 great poets alive and writing in the whole proud expanse of the grandest nation on this green footstool?

### Peruna and Genée

**T**HE MOST POPULAR EDITORIAL printed in COLLIER'S for weeks was in praise of the dancer GENÉE. Is her art a matter which the multitude has at heart, or was our enthusiasm what attracted? Poems, essays, letters on the graceful Dane have followed in profusion. Advice also. Says the Cleveland "Leader":

"Don't spend all your hours sloshing around in the Brotherhood of Man.  
Harken to the shriek of throttled  
Freedom . . . but once in a while attune  
Your ear to the speaking foot."

Such gaiety, reflects our hortatory friend, "will go far toward replacing various proprietary medicines which you have pushed off the pier." Do not imagine, O contemporary! that proprietary medicines will remain at sea. They are clambering back. They are sunning themselves in the confidence of those two-legged animals who possess little money but less brains. Mr. ADAMS has in mind sometime to inform the curious about the regained trade of McGinty's Cure for Warts and Consumption; also the present status and activities of Snooks's Favorite Prescription for Deafness and Old Age. Various are man's ways of seeking cheer. Some find it in literature, philosophy, or the dance; others in health and useful occupation; others, again, in alcohol and patent labels.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."

May joy be his, poor creature of an hour, whether he seek it in paths of the wise man or the fool. Joy, be it fearful or confiding, solemn or light-hearted, is the sunshine of existence, the spur of action, the solace of us all. It was because genuine enjoyment had come to us, and found its pale reflex upon the printed page, that the paragraph on GENÉE met with a reception warmer than the rest.

### An Apt Memorial

**G**ROVER CLEVELAND'S was a simple nature, sturdy and sound. His reputation has resisted so well the assaults of time that it is more impressive now than when he ceased to be a President. He was a plain, blunt man, with no touch of genius, but with abundant character. Courage and hard work carried him along. The example which he set can lead no one astray and may stimulate many. That he was not afraid of the politicians, his civil-service actions proved. That he was not afraid of popular turmoil, his forcing of the gold issue dramatically made evident. He was the only President who dared to treat the old-soldier vote as he would treat any other special interest, endeavoring to eliminate unjust assaults upon the Treasury while supporting worthy claims. There is now being arranged a homely memorial fitting the character of the man. President FINLEY, in the present issue of COLLIER'S, explains what this memorial is—so modest and so inexpensive that no large contributions are desired. Those who wish to be numbered in this manner among Mr. CLEVELAND'S appreciators may send checks to GILBERT COLGATE, 55 John Street, New York. The quiet country home represented GROVER CLEVELAND well. He was a man without affectation, fond of the soil, of labor, of his family, taking fortune's lights and shades with external calm. Turmoil perhaps there was within; there was sensitiveness at least; but his outer bearing, even in difficult moments, was imperturbable, after the fashion of Anglo-Saxon fighting men; and the mode of his existence in retirement was free from unfavorable contrast to the high office he had held.

### Books on Haiti

**F**OR THE ITINERANT JOURNALIST, Haiti is a sort of paradise. Superficially it is funny, and essentially it is more or less uncivilized, and as the outside world knows and cares nothing, so to speak, about it, one may make it as much a comic opera or a jungle tragedy as one desires. You read horrible stories between well-made covers of voodoo worship and cannibalism, and you find that the ingenious

tourist-author attained his evidence by buying a cask of rum for some delighted natives and hiring them to dance the *bamboula* in the outskirts of Port au Prince. You are amused by TEXIER's "Aux Pays des Généraux," and it seems quite reasonable to speak of Haiti as "a country of generals." When the sprightly Frenchman, in exactly the same key, explains that there are as many colonels in the United States as there are politicians, and that when American women can not hang any more diamonds on their persons they put them in their teeth, you suspect that he intends to be more witty than accurate. Anything, on the other hand, more unreliable than the "Haiti and Its Detractors" of Mr. LEGER, the Haitian Minister at Washington, it would be difficult to write, interesting and informing as his special pleading is, when seen in proper perspective. Sir SPENCER ST. JOHN's book, which he wrote after serving as English Minister for twenty years at Port au Prince, has become a sort of classic on the subject, and although consistently unsympathetic and British throughout, it is, taken all in all, the most useful yet written. We have, however, excellent reason to believe, from the testimony of Haitians and disinterested Americans who have traveled and hunted and prospected in every corner of Haiti, that the voodoo cannibalism, of which the credulous Sir SPENCER makes so much, is no more characteristic of Haiti than burning at the stake is characteristic of America. Beneath the material surfaces with which such works concern themselves, there is an uncharted region of alien emotions and points of view in which it is even more baffling to wander. Any one who recalls the haunting charm which LAFCADIO HEARN threw about the life of the blacks and mixed races of Martinique can readily fancy what some such acute sensibility, looking at it from some other point of view than that of politics or sanitation, might see in this "sweet, unhappy little land."

#### A Conservative

**A**CERTAIN JUDGE in England has never used a telephone, would not know how to use it, and does not believe he has ever seen one. He goes on to assert that he doesn't believe in telephones anyway. Mankind has done without the telephone for hundreds and thousands of years. Why should the instrument be needed now? It will surprise many that such a whole-souled conservative exists outside of GILBERT and SULLIVAN. How well some contemporary statesmen would fit into an operetta. We can imagine them stepping down to the footlights and warbling out a duet after this fashion:

THE JUDGE—Come, all ye Englishmen, prithee tell  
Why should the telephone be?  
UNCLE JOE—Fellow citizens, what the ——  
Is the use of a forest to me?

This verse is not equal to GILBERT, but is as pregnant at least as some comic-opera songs. It still remains for American playwrights successfully to dramatize your true conservative. Various among our statesmen, although their backwardness is in things spiritual, not in material appliances, might stretch out brotherly hands across the sea to the judicial officer who distrusts the telephone.

#### Poor Old Christopher

**C**HRIStOPHER COLUMBUS as an advertising medium seems a bit extreme. In an open place in New York City rises a lofty stone column upon which stands the image of COLUMBUS. By day and by night he gazes placidly over the miles of city which belongs to him as truly as to HUDSON. Of late, during the early evening, his form has been picked out bright against the dark by the glare of a searchlight. Following the shaft of radiance back to its source, the eye reaches a theater over the portal of which flares the chaste titular allurement: "Queen of the Moulin Rouge." The image of COLUMBUS becomes a sort of finger-post to the box-office. The aspirations of COLUMBUS are thus spoken through the voice of WALT WHITMAN:

"The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,  
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,  
A message from the heavens whispering to me even in sleep,  
These sped me on."

It makes small difference to him what happens to him now, but it does make some difference to those of us, still living, who are afflicted with some instinct for fitness and proportion.

#### Palms of Victory

**I**T IS NOW FIVE YEARS since the last of the hobo species of football player was eliminated from respectable Eastern colleges, and eight years since President DAVID STARR JORDAN declared war upon them on the Pacific Coast. The easiest place to seek survival seems to have been in the mountain States, and there the husky athletes who have an aversion to allowing their studies to interfere with their regular college work have flocked. Some of the universities, like the University of Colorado, have fought them off. Others, like the University of Denver, have won brave laurels with strong teams in the season recently past. For the season soon to come, the Colorado Agricultural College seems to have ambitions, and Captain RAY CHARLES, assuming to represent its team, has recently toured neighboring States in search of likely material. In

one city he was recognized as a former football star who, under the name of CHARLES RAY PARKINSON, was dismissed from the Utah Agricultural College for scholarship deficiencies. To prospective team-mates he has explained that all this tommyrot about the bad morals of hiring players doesn't go with him, that Denver closed the season a victor and possessor of a full purse, and that for next season he proposes to duplicate at Fort Collins what was done in Denver. What does the president of the Colorado Agricultural College think of CHARLES RAY PARKINSON, alias Ray Charles, and to what extent does he share his plans?

#### Jaunts for Joy

**C**ONTROLLING SMALL WESTERN STATES, which pass among their sisters for sovereign, is a diversion only a few of us can afford. In Salt Lake City are located the home offices of the Union Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, the Central Pacific, the Salt Lake, Los Angeles and San Pedro Line, and several Rio Grande Western branches. The Legislature of Utah is now in session; privileges it grants to these corporations they may carry into other States. Of widespread interest, therefore, become Mr. HARRIMAN's many plans to lighten the burden of this Legislature's daily labors. Before it was a week old, each of its members had been provided with passes "good only within the State of Utah, not good for any part of an interstate trip," on all of the State's railroads. To show how liberal Mr. HARRIMAN could be to one of whom he thought much, each legislator and his dependents, unto the third cousin of the colored doorkeeper's friend, was provided with a Union Pacific pass, in spite of the fact that an Oregon Short Line pass, already provided, carried its holder over all of HARRIMAN's Utah trackage. As the legislative grind was beginning, a week's-end junket was arranged for a nine-car special (diner attached with meals free) to the northern border of the State. LINCOLN's birthday was fittingly celebrated with another complimentary junket across the Great Salt Lake cut-off. When a joint Senate and House committee found that it needed to inspect a Green River bridge site on the State's eastern border, Pullman cars to carry thirty people were promptly put at the committee's disposal. This hospitality is not sudden. After the Legislature in 1901 had passed a law, with less than one hour's deliberation in both Houses, granting the Union Pacific the right to increase its capitalization \$100,000,000, the Legislature was bundled upon a special train of Pullman cars bound for Boise. Two years ago, when extravagant railroad demands appeared in the Legislature under the guise of "a bill for an act to codify existing railroad legislation," President STEPHEN H. LOWE of the State Senate raised his voice in protest that "existing railroad legislation" was the shame of Utah. He was eliminated from public life.

#### An Uneven Battle

**E**XCEPT FOR ONE FACT, this concern of Mr. HARRIMAN's for the welfare of his legislative friends might pass for the giving of mere joy jaunts out of regard for favors already delivered; this fact is that the business men of Utah, through the Salt Lake Commercial Club, are petitioning for a public-service commission. On few States is the grip of the railroads so tenacious; few, in turn, are treated as shabbily. Had the Utah business men a single newspaper which could speak the truth out freely, and turn on the light without favor, there might be hope. Of the five daily papers in Salt Lake City, one is the official organ of the Mormon Church, and its president, JOSEPH F. SMITH, is a Union Pacific director. Another is the personal organ of Senator REED SMOOT, and it recently has spoken freely of the railroads, but only in a desperate endeavor to divert attention from its failure to speak of the saloons. Two ex-United States Senators own the remaining papers. They are former Senator THOMAS KEARNS of Utah and former Senator W. A. CLARK of Montana. Senator CLARK, by grace of Mr. HARRIMAN, owns the San Pedro Railroad, and has declared to a prospective buyer for his paper that he needs it to protect his interests. All that Mr. HARRIMAN and his associates are doing in Utah they may do in Idaho, Nevada, and California. In the mean time, the Salt Lake Commercial Club is casting about for a weapon wherewith to fight.

#### Biography

**O**F ROSCOE CONKLING the one indelible public impression is of pride and lordliness. In the great street's daily throng there was seemingly no more haughty figure and actually no more democratic heart than CONKLING's. With great charm of manner he returned the salutes and echoed the greetings of the newsboys along the thoroughfare. The shabbiest beggar lured him from the passing crowd and caught his ear with a tedious tale. Of GRANT, the verdict of history, as thus far made up, leaves too much out of account his simple, democratic spirit. How few to-day think of GRANT as a lover of the lowly and the despised. Yet, in his heart, how else felt this man who, contending against grim fate, lived his manhood under the eaves of poverty until undying fame found him suddenly? There is a picture of GRANT turning from the group of distinguished guests invited to witness the driving of the last spike on the Northern Pacific Road and declaring to the handful of neglected pioneers who had gathered at the feast, unmasked, that they themselves were the real builders of the road—that their courage and sacrifice had made the steel rails necessary.

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Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee



John Dalzell, member from Pennsylvania of the Ways and Means Committee

# Making a Tariff

*The Men Who Up to Date Have Done the Work of Making the New Tariff—The Dominant Influences in the Making of Former Tariffs—How the Woolen Schedules in the Present Dingley Tariff Were Brought About—Some Work Left Undone by the Old Congress Which the New One Will Take Up*

By MARK SULLIVAN

**T**HE Tariff on Imports into the United States, as contained in the Act of July 24, 1897, is a book of 124 pages, making 705 paragraphs, beginning with "alkali," which pays 25 per cent duty, and ending with "zaffer," which comes in free.

For the amending of this twelve-year-old tariff the public demand became acute—acute to the point where Speaker Cannon considered it wise to take notice—a little over a year ago. Since that moment the entire machinery for revising the Dingley bill has been in the hands of the Ways and Means Committee. That committee instructed its clerk to prepare data; the information he brought together consists chiefly of figures showing volume of imports and volume of duties collected. This makes a huge book of a thousand pages. Then, on November 10 last, the Ways and Means Committee began to hold hearings, at which any man whose self-interest justified the trouble could come, be heard, and be questioned about the tariff in his particular line of goods. (All this evidence, too, has been printed, and these two masses of printed records constitute the great corpus of the tangible evidence out of which the proposed new tariff, as it stands to-day, has been made.) These hearings continued many weeks. They ceased, and then the committee began to hold closed sessions for discussion—and mutual concession.

This, up to last Monday, has been the whole machinery for making a tariff. Whether their report please you or not, these are the men who made it:

Sereno E. Payne, <i>Chairman, New York</i>	Nicholas Longworth, <i>Ohio</i>
John Dalzell, <i>Pennsylvania</i>	Edgar D. Crumpacker, <i>Indiana</i>
Samuel W. McCall, <i>Massachusetts</i>	Champ Clark, <i>Missouri</i>
Ebenezer J. Hill, <i>Connecticut</i>	W. Bourke Cockran, <i>New York</i>
Henry S. Boutell, <i>Illinois</i>	Oscar W. Underwood, <i>Alabama</i>
James C. Needham, <i>California</i>	D. L. D. Granger, <i>Rhode Island</i>
William A. Calderhead, <i>Kansas</i>	James M. Griggs, <i>Georgia</i>
Joseph W. Fordney, <i>Michigan</i>	Edward W. Pou, <i>North Carolina</i>
Joseph H. Gaines, <i>West Virginia</i>	Choice B. Randell, <i>Texas</i>
Robert W. Bonyngue, <i>Colorado</i>	

Of these, Granger of Rhode Island died a few weeks ago; Bourke Cockran of New York was not reelected, and is not in the present Congress—neither is Bonyngue of Colorado. The others are all members of the present Congress.

## How Former Tariffs Were Made

FROM now on, the new tariff is in the hands of Congress as a whole. And it is fair to predict that the present Congress will bear that responsibility more creditably than other Congresses that have made tariffs. The New York "Times," the other day, in an exceptionally able review of the changes that have come during Roosevelt's seven years said:

"At State Capitols and at the National Capitol, great corporations 'with privy paw' guided the pens that drafted statutes, as for a generation they have been accustomed to do with respect to tariff legislation."

And this is literally true. During the period when a tariff bill is pending, the head of every great corporation considers that proper representation at Washington, with watchful vigilance upon the schedules which affect his business, is the one important thing upon which every other branch of his business can wait. And the corporations attend to this with the thoroughgoing effectiveness common to corporation action on important matters.

When the Dingley tariff bill was pending—the bill under which all of us have for twelve years paid exorbitant prices for our woolen cloths—when this bill was pending in 1897, the Clerk to the Senate Committee on Finance was S. N. D. North, at present filling the highly responsible position, under the National Government, of Director of the Census. Mr. North was at the same time a salaried employee of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. The Senate Committee on Finance is a very important committee. Aldrich of Rhode Island was—and is—chairman of it. It corresponds to the House Committee on Ways and Means; it is the Senate committee which determines the tariff schedules. The clerk of that committee occupies a most potent strategic position; if he is an alert, intelligent man he may have more to do with fixing tariff schedules than the Senator-members of the committee themselves.

Between Mr. North, the Clerk of the Senate Committee, and William Whitman, President of the Arlington Woolen Mills at Lawrence, Mass.—between these two men, the following letters, among many others, passed:

First, Mr. North to Mr. Whitman:

"Washington, June 20, 1897.

"It is lucky I was here, and just in the position I am. It has given me a whole day to work on the matter and get it right, and with Aldrich away, there is no one on the committee who knows anything about it. But Allison and Platt trust me, and I expect they will both agree to what I have asked. I went all over the matter with them last evening.

. . . S. N. D. NORTH."

"Washington, D. C., April 4, 1897.

"I am the only person whom the committee allows at its meetings. . . . If I find that it is desirable that you should come on here, I will telegraph you that the

situation requires attention, and you will doubtless have no trouble in finding out what is the matter. . . .

S. N. D. NORTH."

"Washington, D. C., June 10, 1897.  
"I will do the best I can with Mr. Allison when the time comes, but he knows nothing about the understanding I have with Aldrich on the worsted yarn schedule. . . .

S. N. D. NORTH."

Then these from Mr. Whitman to Mr. North:

"78 Chauncy Street, Boston, July 10, 1897.

"MY DEAR MR. NORTH—I am unable to go to Washington and have no one to look out for my interests there but yourself, and I depend upon you. Of course, Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns, and tops.

"Yours very truly, WILLIAM WHITMAN."

"Boston, June 2, 1897.

"We all depend upon you to watch closely our interests. To see that nothing is overlooked or neglected by our friends on the committee. I have no doubt they will do all they can do, but with so many interests to look after, our special representative must see to it that our interest receives proper attention. . . .

"WILLIAM WHITMAN."

"Boston, June 9, 1897.

"Bear in mind that I am depending upon you wholly to look after my interests.

"WILLIAM WHITMAN."

This constituted what Mr. Whitman, doubtless, would have called "a pipe line." The Government employee, the clerk of the committee which was making the tariff, was in the pay of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. He received \$5,000 for his services. The wool manufacturers got tariff duties on some of their products as high as 150 per cent. The people paid the freight.

There is the worst aspect of tariff-making. Corporate business, working for higher tariffs, is always "on the job." It is organized, alert, effective; the consumer, in whose interest lower duties would be, is disorganized, and, even in the field of legitimate activity, ineffective. But much can be done by the constant focusing of public attention on Congress as a whole when the tariff bill is before it.

## A Congress That Did Little

THE present special session of Congress will be devoted entirely to the making of the new tariff. When this is done it will adjourn until next December. Then it will sit again in its first regular session, which promises to be memorable.

The Sixtieth Congress, which ended last fourth of March, had two years of life and spent nearly ten months in actual session at Washington. On the day it first sat, President Roosevelt sent to it a message which recommended the consideration of much important legislation:

An inheritance-tax law.

An income-tax law.

Amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law.

Provision for national waterways.

Repeal of the tariff on wood pulp.

A postal-savings-bank law.

Modification of the right to issue injunctions in labor cases.

Modification of the employers' liability law.

How much attention the last Congress gave to these suggestions, the record shows. It is no reproach to Congress that it failed to pass these laws. If Congress had voted them down, that might represent merely a difference of opinion between Congress and the President. But the fact is that *these measures never came to a vote on the floor of Congress*. For the reason, read this passage from a speech on the floor of the House by the Hon. John M. Nelson of Wisconsin.

"The President of the United States will send his message to the Congress, as he is directed to do by the Constitution. He will tell the Congress of the needs of the country. But it will be in the power of a few, in the power of one, intrenched in the forms and usages, to use the language of Speaker Reed, to defy, to ignore, and to defeat these recommendations. . . . The policies advocated by the President are of vast importance to the American people. . . . We must remove the barriers, the obstructions that have been placed in this House by the rules, lest the great reform measures of the country be knocking, knocking, knocking at the doors of Congress, and there be little or no response for years to come."

A good deal has been accomplished. The rules will be different at the regular session of Congress which convenes next December.

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*President Roosevelt and President-Elect Taft leaving the White House for the Capitol at 10:15, when the storm was at its height*



*After taking the oath in the Senate Chamber President Taft braved the storm and came to the east front of the Capitol and bowed to the waiting crowd*

## Inauguration and the Blizzard: Mr. Taft Comes in Like a Lion

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE



*Outside the Capitol while the new President was being inaugurated within*



*The first President's wife to drive with him from the Capitol to the White House*



*The President's Ohio escort, Troop A of Cincinnati, in a setting of arctic splendor*



*The world-circulators in their home capital after their conquest of many boulevards*



*The Inaugural cyclone put Washington almost wholly out of communication with the rest of the country and blocked many a trainload of sightseers*

## The Inauguration of President William H. Taft at Washington, March 4, 1909

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE

March 20

# "Playing" the Drama

*The Tribulations and Perquisites of Novel Writing and Play Writing*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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**I**T HAS been suggested that a comparison of novel writing and play writing, by one who has attempted both, might prove of interest. I have been asked to write down what I have found, of each, to be the difficulties, tribulations, and perquisites. I need not say that, in both, my experience is inadequate and undistinguished. But, I am delighted if others should profit by my post-mortem. And I appreciate fully that, in inviting me to reply to this particular toast, the editor acted solely on the principle that when a man has failed as a painter, they make him an art critic.

Of novel writing and play writing, as literature, I have no authority to speak. Of the qualifications of the literary person, I possess none. I have never criticized the work of other writers, or explained the "Evolution of the Drama," or the "Trend of the Modern Novel." I have never worn a velvet coat, or smoked a corn-cob pipe, or even congratulated Tolstoy on his reaching his eightieth birthday. Of novel and play writing I can speak only from the commercial side.

The essential difference that I find between publishing a novel and producing a play, is that the novel is published, and the play is not produced. That is a very important difference. Novel writing is a safe, conservative, respectable business. You have no partner to run away with the profits, should there be any, or to involve you in bankruptcy. There is the disadvantage that, if the novel fails, you must blame yourself, but, should it succeed, you receive a generous share of the rewards, and if there is any glory, it is all yours.

To the artist and the publisher, one must not be ungrateful. One acknowledges that illustrations have served as life-preservers to many a weak book, which, without them, would have sunk; and we all know that, in some novels, a multitude of sins has been covered by a cloth of gold, and the eyes of the public confused by such advertising as would cause a brand of soap to blush.

But, as a rule, novel writing lies with yourself, a pad of paper, and a bundle of pencils.

There is no business in which one is so independent, or of which it may be so truly said, that you carry it around with you under your hat. Wherever you go, your entire "plant" moves with you. You pay no rent, no taxes, no insurance. You are tied to no office, to no regular hours, to no fixed address. You fear neither strikes nor lock-outs. There is no fellow clerk, who, just as you are packing for your summer holiday, suddenly marries, and takes your vacation time for his honeymoon. Instead, you proclaim your own legal holidays. As a rule you proclaim too many of them. But your time is your own. If you elect to loaf, no one save yourself suffers. Certainly, the reading public is none the poorer.

No matter where you travel, the post-office will always carry your finished goods to your publisher, and for you he drums up trade and entices customers. When the lawyer, the doctor, or the business man goes on his vacation he loses his customers. Instead of making money, he is spending it. The novel writer can circumnavigate the globe, and at the same time his books still may be making money for him; he may still be at work.

This winter I wrote a novel entirely of South America, of palm trees and the Southern Cross, while I was freezing in London, and looking out upon a yellow fog. And another novel, entirely about a London fog, I finished when I was at sea, off Cuba, and so seasick that, in comparison, a London fog seemed cheerful and attractive.

Novel writing, I repeat, is an independent, self-respecting, pleasant business. If life be dull, and outside, the snow falls drearily, and the limbs of the trees are wet and bare and broken, and people insist on sending in bills; with a scrape of the pencil you can, with your hero, under a strange flag and a burning sky, lead forlorn hopes, rescue imprisoned señoritas, dig for buried treasure, and find it, or place yourself upon a throne. If there is a cause that you think needs your valuable assistance, or a "wrong that needs resistance," you may, in a novel, make your characters proclaim your views, and, whether he likes it or not, the unsuspecting reader must be your audience. Or, if your lady flouts you, you can establish her as your heroine, and pour into her ear all the thrilling words of love to which, in real life, she

refuses to listen. She can not rise disdainfully and walk away, or send down word that she is not at home. And, if you rejoice in an enemy, he is at your mercy. Under a hideous *nom de plume*, you can, in your novel, pillory him, and, to your heart's content, ridicule and torture and ruin him, financially, socially, physically, and, finally, lead him to the gallows. In a novel of mine, disguised as the chief villain, there was such an enemy. To him I did everything that my low and vindictive nature could suggest. I made his life a hell, and killed him off in poverty and under circumstances of the most degrading and humiliating nature. It is annoying, that, in real life, I must still watch him steadily flourish and prosper. On Fifth Avenue, he is always just missing me with his racing car, and at restaurants, at the table next mine, he gives expensive dinners to those people I should most like to meet. But, of the pleasure I derived from punishing him in my novel, as he will be punished in the next world, he can not rob me.

When the novel is finished, you take it to your publisher, and he says: "I will bring this out at three minutes past ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 18th of April." And you know that at that exact minute your novel will be on the bookstalls, and that your troubles will be at an end.

When a theatrical manager says: "I will produce this play of yours at the matinée on Labor Day, in Providence, at Felix Wendelschaffer's, and, when we escape from there, it will run a year on Broadway!" you know that your real trouble has begun.

When you write a play, the peace, the calm, the independence, which, as a novel writer, you enjoyed, disappear. No longer are you engaged in a safe and "old-established" business. You are gambling. You "play" the drama, as you used to play the races. Your work now is in the hands of others, who "interpret" it. When you wrote a book, there was nothing between you and the man that read the book, save a bundle of ink and pulp, and his sad memory of a wasted evening. But, between you and the man who listens to your play, come many men and women, probably entirely competent, but each, nevertheless, introducing the human element, which, in the case of the book, had never to be considered. These interpreters make your play seem almost bright, almost intelligent; in a desert of words, they cause laughs to spring up and flourish, but each, at any moment, may die, or marry, or prefer to yours a better play, or one in which he or she obtains a larger share of the gross. And you, and your six months of labor, are as much at the mercy of caprice, as when at the track your money was at the mercy of a sulky jockey, a soft spot in the stretch, an undigested quart of oats. Compared to play writing, roulette now appears to you less as a fascinating and exciting pastime, than a sound business investment.

#### The Disappearing Heroine

**W**HEN you write a play, you consent to a thousand compromises. Even your heroine is no longer of your own making. If your fancy turns to tall, fat women, with red hair and green eyes, the heroine in your novel is tall and fat, with green eyes. You can tell the reader how, on a certain occasion, she spoke certain words in a certain way; and the reader is bound to take your word for it. When you write a play, you accept the heroine the producing manager gives you. Sometimes she is so superior to the one you imagined, that you are robbed of all sensations save that of gratitude. When this happens, just as the play is settled down to a run, she marries a stock-broker, and retires into private life, and your play begs its way from door to door.

The machinery that, on the minute and as you wrote it, placed your novel in the hands of the reader, is now lacking. No longer are you in a business office, but in a gambling club, and every second card in the pack is a joker. When the time came for your novel to appear, the fact that other novels, far superior to your own, had failed, and others, not so manifestly of the six best sellers, had succeeded, affected your work not at all. Without considering them, your novel was accepted, or thrown into the discards. This is not so with your play. The interpreters you were promised you find can not be spared, the theater you were promised is now needed for what on the road has proved to be an assured success. You are offered the choice of Bellevue Hospital or a tent.

Even after your play is produced and is making money, you are prepared to hear that it has succumbed to the vagaries of an all too charming leading lady, a jealous star, the San Francisco earthquake, a fire in Chicago, beriberi, the tssetse fly, the thermometer, three nights of rain, a mayoralty election, the failure of some other poor play, of which neither you nor any one else has ever heard, but in which your banker has placed all his money, and some of yours. A few years ago, an excellent tragedy by one William Shakespeare, while playing to some twelve thousand dollars a week, was "laid off" for two months, because the star wore tights that had been steeped in a dye that turned out to be poisonous. No tights ever dyed could kill the worst novel ever written. Another play, not so good as "Hamlet," but which, owing to the star, was nightly filling a Broadway theater, was lost to the public because somebody did not take a ride in somebody's motor-car. The play happened to be mine, but, I protest, no novel I could write, no matter how weak, could be affected by an automobile.

"Then," some one asks, "why try to write plays?" The answer is not difficult. Instead of a page of black type, you see on the stage real people doing the things that the black type can only suggest. You see a house, at least one room of a house, of which you were the architect, you see "skeleton" armies, wearing your uniform, fighting for your flag. You see vice punished, virtue rewarded, just as you arranged it should be.

What health is there in finding your novel lying silent on some one's table? After the pleasure of the work, where is the reward? Is it pleasant to see it covered with dust on a book-shelf, at a railroad station, "marked down" to twenty cents? Is it satisfying, as you walk the deck of the steamer, to discover that the passengers who are reading it, are the only ones who are asleep? If it makes the reader sigh, do you know that? If, over it, he laughs, do you laugh with him? What is the good of a check, even if it tells you that the novel has reached the tenth edition, if there is no rebound, no other visible sign? But, suppose, thanks to our astute manager, our busy press agent, our brilliant star, your play should pull through; can you not see the fun there is in leaning on the velvet railing back of the orchestra, and watching them "come in," or, maybe, hearing them chuckling as they go out? You can sit with them, and mark where they refuse to follow you, where they lean back and cough, and fidget with their program; you may hear them, a house full of them, laughing, a friendly, kindly laugh, and though they are applauding the actors, you pretend it is the play, and are satisfied. You become, in truth, "the public's very obedient servant." It is a healthy, delightful feeling. No novel can give it to you. You have tried to entertain, to be serious, to amuse, and when, at the one-night stands, they call you out, you feel grateful, you hope you are making friends with these genial, kind people in front, who smile up at you, and laugh at your efforts to say "Thank you." The solitude, the independence you enjoyed as the novel writer, in comparison, seem somewhat lonely, somewhat priggish. It is the comradeship of the show business that counts, the pleasure, which you are sure is mutual, of having a strange usher whisper: "It looks like a big night to-night." And there is the satisfaction of going behind to get your letters from the Japanned tin mail-box, to smell the fireproof scenery, the grease-paint, to hear the orchestra tuning up, to sit in the star's dressing-room, on an iron-bound trunk. Surely, in all Europe, there is no throne so delightful as the iron-bound theater trunk! And sympathize, please, with the satisfaction of writing on your card, "Give bearer two good seats," and handing it to the hotel clerk who patronized you; to the telephone girl, who might otherwise blackmail you. Peace hath her victories, as well as war!

When people say: "I suppose you go in for this play-writing business because it pays better?" I always answer heartily: "Yes, indeed!" and remember some lines in a farce. The lines are: "And what do you get for this?" And the other man says: "Eighteen cents a day, but we don't get it!"

Still, when a man confesses he would be happier in an empty theater, helping the scrub-woman take the linen covers off the boxes, than in writing the "problem" novel of the year, his state is hopeless. Once a showman, always a showman. It is no use to argue with him. It is best to leave him, trying to "win out" against the theatrical roulette wheel, and, meanwhile, happy in the condescension of the electrician and the stage-door man.

# Sister Arts

*Novel or Drama for Pathos and Comic Bits?*

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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PEOPLE sometimes speak of painting and sculpture as "sister-arts"; now and then we hear that same compound applied to novel writing and play writing, and the application may be considered accurate if we recall the fact that there are sisters who do not get along very well together. Generalizations are as dangerous in this case as in any other, but I will risk the statement that, so far as our own stage is concerned, the arts (or crafts, or trades, or whatever novel writing and play writing should be called) of the writer of prose fiction and the writer of plays differ as essentially as those of the paper-hanger and the plumber. The methods and talents, the tricks and manners, which lead to successful effects in one trade are useless in the other, and the circumstance that an individual has obtained some mastery over the implements of one should not confuse him into the belief that he is thereby qualified in the other. And yet, mysteriously enough, nearly all persistent writers of stories either have written plays or intend to write plays. More mysterious is the attitude of mind which seems to come naturally to them: habitually they regard the writing of plays as a sort of "side issue"—that is, it is "commercial" work, to be taken up for the mere trifle of making a fortune.

Playwrights are more humble; few of them feel that they can write novels—it may be that their temptations to vanity are not so poignant, but probably it is real humility. For they may be heard murmuring, at times, of how curious, how inexplicable, how evasive, how unexpected and dumbfounding, are the effects of mere print. When the novelist's play is rejected, he thereby becomes immediately eloquent upon the stupidity of managers: but the playwright who has the manuscript of a novel returned by the publisher supposes sighingly that "something must have been wrong" with his work. Can it be that novelists are the more cocksure because their business dealings are with publishers, and playwrights the more humble because theirs are with managers? This problem may not be here answered with certainty, but in the manager's office the playwright learns better to know his place than does the novelist at a publisher's dinner. And every playwright who has had a series of plays "put on" must needs retain the memory of some vital shock to his vanity—and to his cocksureness, if he ever had any. In the case of a book which fails, the public and critics deny its value at comparative leisure; the blow is delivered slowly and has some knowledge of mercy: when a play fails the author can actually see it being killed; its obsequies are concrete, visual, and attended

by strange and painful phenomena, noticeable among which are the immediate and fulsome demonstrations of joy (to the playwright's mind entirely out of place) on the part of a united press. And the novelist retains his "failed" book in his library; it exists; he may even indulge the hope of its surviving to a new discovery of it by a greater age. But the failed play is a dead play. (Of course "Carmen" is still being sung—but that was "Carmen"!)

Rather timidly to venture another generalization—one intended to be very sketchy indeed—the average novelist writes mainly about what people say to one another: the playwright is primarily concerned with what they do to one another. The playwright must carry on his play by action, he must regard even his dialogue essentially as action. Broadly, the play may be considered to be a pantomime with incidental speaking. Otherwise why ask people to look at it instead of merely reading it? Of course this is taking the play purely as a play, and not as literature. It is simpler so to regard it; and, adopting this point of view, one might deduce the fact that a play need not be written at all, since the playwright's manuscript is virtually no more than notes or aids to memory for the direction of a company of actors. If the playwright's and the actors' memories could be sufficiently trained there need be no manuscript employed: the playwright could instruct the actors verbally what to say and do. As a matter of fact, alterations in a play are often thus made during rehearsal. No doubt, however, mortal memories were made unreliable "for some wise purpose," as Mr. Wells's fungus-eater remarked. So strange is the world that what is simply a stage production for one generation sometimes becomes literature for the next.

The two trades are intricately different. In the matter, for instance, of dialogue itself, the writer who has trained himself to write his words for printing, is actually handicapped by that training when he writes words for an actor to speak. The effective speech put into the mouth of a character in a novel is only too often flatly ineffective when spoken by an actor in a dramatization, and the actor may deliver to really fine effect a speech which, printed in a novel, would "read" bald and flat.

The playwright and the novelist have, however, one common requirement; that is, the ability to see in pictures. Thence on, the novelist has an immense advantage in this: the people and scenes he has composed in his mental pictures, all the creatures of his dreams, remain *ideal*, they will "stay put"; his only difficulty is to express them in his own words; no one else can change them, and he alone is their interpreter and master. They will be what he makes them, only he himself can spoil them, and only he is to blame if they fail of their effect. But the playwright, having dreamed his dream—that is, having

composed his play and made his notes, or manuscript—is in the hands of others. All he can do is to advise, plead, threaten, and go to law.

Consider the apprentice playwright's vision of his work. He has dreamed a dream and the people of that dream tread out their drama before his mind's eye, all flawless, perfect, just as he made them. He sees them as real people, not as actors. The scenes by moonlight are moonlight indeed to him; he can smell the roses in the garden where his heroine walks, but, sadly enough, this illusion of reality, which continues for a little while after the conclusion of his writing, is apt to be the greatest reward his work will bring him. When the play is staged and he finds that the harvest moon for his moonlight love-scene must be discarded because the moon-machine is creaky and there is danger that the audience may hear the moon go up, when the heroine whom he pictured to himself with "elf-gold hair" must play her part as a brunette because elf-gold wigs do not suit her, and when his "pathetic father" has been given to a comedian who "gets a laugh" upon all of his heart-rending speeches, then it is that the playwright begins to comprehend the difference between "the dream and the business."

Success and failure rest only partially with himself; they depend in such great measure upon other people, upon a thousand things over which he can exercise but the slightest control. The novelist's art, an infinitely more subtle and difficult one, has the great advantage that it is solitary and independent.

More French than English or American writers are able to combine the two professions. This may be because of the greater versatility of the Latin temperament; however, it is probably attributable in part at least to the technique of the Continental stage, a technique most unlike our own and the English. The modern French serious drama makes a profound appeal to the present scribe; to him it appears to be the most illuminating and intelligent of this day; and yet one can find some justification for the criticism of the American manager who declared: "All they do is to have two people come in and sit down on a sofa and talk for an hour." And it is true that some very captivating French plays do bear a certain resemblance to short novels "with the description left out." Naturally the novelist finds such a method much more amenable to his attack than our own complicated, cumbersome, and somewhat old-fashioned stage technique could be. The two arts are much more like sisters "over there." The case of Mr. Barrie, in particular, might lead us to the conclusion that they are "sisters" in England too, but such an exception (like that of "Carmen") would but prove the rule, for we must remember that Mr. Barrie has not the same struggle and difficulties that other writers have. The fairies help him.

## A Memorial Road

By JOHN H. FINLEY

W<sup>H</sup>EVER other monuments are erected in memory of Mr. Cleveland, there is one, simple and rugged, which I hope will be built on the hill (known as Stevenson Hill in the town of Tamworth, New Hampshire) where he spent many of the summer days of his last years.

Up this hillside near his house when he bought the farm there climbed a rather crooked highway of steep grade. It was one of his first tasks to build a new road straight up the hill and of easier grade. This he gave to the town, and it is now used instead of the old road.

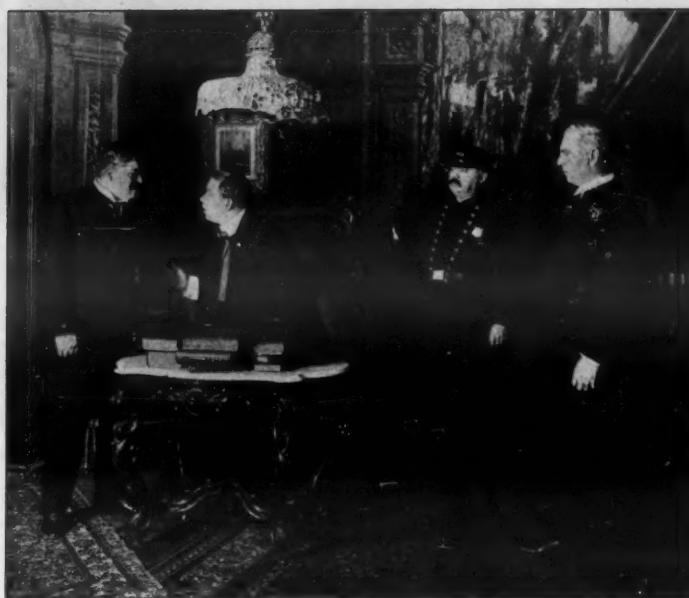
At an old-home-week gathering in the town three summers ago he said to his neighbors: "I anticipated there will be [a hundred years hence] a highway winding with easy grade around the steep on Stevenson Hill, which for a century will have made less strenuous the toil of man and beast. Perhaps, according to the new standards of honorable mention I have suggested, it may not be thought amiss to recall the fact that I laid out and constructed it."

I have thought that there could be no more fitting memorial to him there among the hills than the keeping and improving of this little stretch of highway as *his road*. The suggestion is: that two great boulders or granite posts be placed at the foot of the hill to mark the entrance to the new road; that a substantial stone-wall be built on either side of the road up to where it turns to join the old road again—a distance of a third of a mile—and that provision be made to keep these walls and the road itself in permanent repair.

All this might be done by a few friends and neighbors. But there are doubtless men, women, and children the country over who would like to have a part in building this simple memorial to this great man who loved the out-of-doors, on that quiet hillside, which looks out upon a beautiful valley and up to the White Mountains—a memorial in itself characteristic of him, for his life was as a straight road up a toilsome hill.



*The new straight road up the hillside (the indistinct curve shows the old road)*



The unscrupulous police captain (Mr. Delmore) hypnotizing the unlucky Howard Jeffries (Mr. Eddinger) to confess he has committed murder, in "The third Degree"



Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason," a pseudo-poetic reshaking of French Revolutionary bones ("Robespierre") with sugar and water) redeemed only by her beautiful reading of the lines

# Mr. Barrie and the Twilight Zone

*Remarks on the Present Theatrical Season with Special Reference to Three Successful Plays*

By ARTHUR RUHL

**T**HE first business of a play is to entertain, and the first business of a playwright, it would seem, is to know enough about his work not to interfere with the spectator's entertainment by his own grotesque and painful motions. If Madame Tetrazzini could not sing without looking as if she had swallowed a chestnut bur she would not be worth \$3,000 a night to Mr. Hammerstein, and no one would care to see Longboat try to run a Marathon race with a sprained ankle. And yet how seldom can one sit through an evening in a New York theater without every now and then having the words of the players drowned out by the gasps and groans of the laboring author; without seeing them frequently die, as it were, and their flesh and blood turn to sawdust and straw before some action which no human being could conceivably perform, while their worthy creator waves his arms, shouts, and indulges in all sorts of noisy and futile violence, and finally ends by seizing them by the hair of the head and dragging them bodily about the stage!

The essence of the play's entertainment is surprise—the pleasant shock which breaks the crust of habitual thought in which each spectator is imprisoned and releases him into a new and more spacious world. It may be the mere absurdity of dropping a feather on the floor while the man in the orchestra suddenly whacks his bass drum—"Boom!"—or the rapid movement of a mechanical farce; it may be eloquence, or the insight and imagination which reveal the unexpected beauty of commonplace things. The spectator has at least the right to demand that something shall be given him which he did not have before, which he could not have found for himself.

If a man sells groceries or makes boxes all day, he has a right to ask that the playwright, who doesn't sell groceries or make boxes, shall, when evening comes, somehow justify his existence and his idleness by at least showing the box-making, grocery-selling existence in a new light. He can demand that the playwright shall throw astonishing and delightful searchlight beams, not only on, but clear through, those boxes and tin cans, so that the outside labels are forgotten altogether and any one can see honest work, faithfulness, good-humor, good citizenship, and all sorts of desirable qualities inside them. He should at least be able to toss them up in the air and juggle them about in amusing and unexpected ways, so that the eye is distracted, if nothing more. When, however, after working patiently all day, the grocery man or box-maker goes to the play in the evening and sees, as it were, only another man exactly like himself standing behind the footlights, laboriously pounding the same old boxes together and laboriously selling his wares—and it is difficult to see how he could regard, for instance, Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Battle" or Mr. Charles Klein's "The Third Degree" in any other light—he naturally feels that the playwright has given him nothing. There was no reason for going to the play.

I do not mean at all that the author must take his audience into any extraordinary or impossible world. As a matter of fact, people want to be told the things they already know—the things they know but do not know they know. Molière's comedies are as amusing to-day as they were two centuries ago, not because Molière discovered any new or astonishing people, but because the world now, as then, is full of Jourdains

and other droll, pretentious persons, whom most of us, busy with our boxes and groceries, have not the time to see.

Nor do I refer to any astonishing ingenuities of plot. The mechanism of "The Man from Home" is, for the most part, as old as the hills. Some of its characters are caricatures and their behavior trite melodrama. Yet if there is one quality this play has above others it is freshness. It amused thousands of people all last winter in Chicago—gave many real courage and inspiration—and it has done the same thing here in New York. And if one wanted to explain to some intelligent but puzzled European how on earth life in the small towns of our Middle West, so barren of all the "atmosphere" and sophistication of the Old World or even of our own Eastern cities, could be anything but unlovely and joyless, I suppose there would be no better way than to send him to "The Man from Home." The reason is that it is the very heart of the Middle West which finds voice in that play. Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson had convictions and enthusiasm about their own people. What they wrote, they have lived and felt. The machine with which they started their flight may have been antique and not provided with the improvements of modern aeroplanes, but happily they had something better of their own. They had wings.

#### What Maggie Shand Knew

**M**R. BARRIE has wings—too often, perhaps, the wings of a dove, yet strong enough to lift. What he has to say and the technique with which he says it tempt one, indeed, to speak here of "his and other plays." Barrie's charm has become such a fixed idea in the public's mind—as fixed and certain as that infuriating "O— isn't she sweet!" which breathes out from the house whenever Miss Maude Adams first appears—his pathos often so narrowly escapes being sweet and cloying, that when the curtain rises on "What Every Woman Knows" one would gladly enjoy the wicked and conceited experience of being bored. But it may not be done. The hopeful critic finds himself captured again by those neat ways of saying things, those impish flashes of divination lighting up vines which his own turgid mind never would have discovered in a thousand years, by that same quaint and accurate winging about in the uncharted paths of human feeling, where most playwrights are too bulky to move at all.

What every woman, or at least every happy and successful wife, knows is that although apparently her husband does his own part of the world's work himself, it is she who, by believing in and encouraging him, by filling in the gaps, fits him to do it. That a raw Scotch youth, with unbound force, ambition, and self-confidence, succeeded brilliantly in Parliament because his wonderful little wife suggested the best part of the speeches to him while she sat by apparently only interested in knitting stockings, and smoothed out a thousand difficulties with her tact and cleverness, while he fondly imagined he did everything himself, is merely the shape in which Mr. Barrie chooses to embody a general human truth.

Here, as elsewhere, his characters are not people so much as they are human qualities, covered with ordinary clothes. The things they do may be fantastic, but the things they think and feel are real and true. In every essential sense, they are far more real than most stage characters, whose clothes and boots may be as solid and

correct as any in the best shops, while their insides are incredible or do not exist at all.

Any one sufficiently familiar with English politics, could show, I suppose, that a raw, loud-mouthed young Scotchman, without money, family or other worldly influence, could never have made the place for himself in Parliament that John Shand did. And one hears anxious souls declaring that no wife would have had her young husband invited for a fortnight's house party in the country with the woman to whom he had just declared his tempestuous love. Those thus troubled fail to observe that "What Every Woman Knows" is set in the key of fantastic comedy from the moment—in the first act—that the Wylies' burglar is discovered to be an ambitious young student who breaks into the house each night after the family are asleep in order to read the "ten yards of the world's most learned books," which the self-made Wylies never read themselves.

Mr. Barrie is thinking of human nature, which is more or less the same in all ages, and not of manners which differ everywhere and change with the season's style. He does not say: "Now this objective picture called Mrs. Shand, consisting of 1 female face, 1 dress, etc., etc., would never do anything so unconventional as cheerfully to send this other objective picture called Mr. Shand and consisting of 1 top hat, 1 frock coat, 2 polished boots, etc., etc., to a country house party with another woman." What he does say is something like this: "Love, imagination, charm, can generally get the better in the end of stupid sensuousness. A clever, witty, delightful little woman like Mrs. Shand, who realizes how indispensable she is to her self-absorbed husband's career, knows that she has nothing serious to fear from a merely handsome, stupid charmer who has fascinated the poor fellow for the moment because in his hard-working, commonplace life he has never met such a person before." Give him a little rope and he will cure himself—the house party is merely the casual material shape in which this general truth of human nature is embodied.

If the intensive art of Mr. Barrie does not always hit one like a pile-driver it exerts, nevertheless, an astonishing and almost uncanny potency. I was impressed with this on seeing "What Every Woman Knows" for the second time at a Wednesday matinée, when a crowded house and the guile of a ticket speculator combined to put me in the last row in the balcony in J-19. The special peculiarity of seat J-19 at the Empire Theater is that it has literally no floor underneath it, but is mysteriously attached after the manner of a bracket. Balanced thus, legs dangling, head almost touching the roof, and enveloped and half-asphyxiated in a matinée atmosphere of steam heat, caramels, violets, and perfumed clothes, a mere man was helpless, peculiarly unable to interpose any resistance to the collective emotion of the female mob.

As the play went on and Mrs. Shand's cleverness, pluck, and continuous self-renunciation were contrasted more and more with the self-absorption of her husband, a tense and increasing sympathy and excitement were exhaled from the audience. Spasmodic little bursts of applause exploded at unexpected moments—moments where the pathetic heroism of the little wife's existence seemed to receive at least tacit recognition. When at last Mrs. Shand appeared at the Comtesse's country house just as her husband was beginning to be disillusioned about Lady Sybil, to find that his hand had lost its cunning and that somehow he could not write a speech as he used to do, and Mr. Venables, the party whip, was beginning to think that his young protégé was



Miss Maude Adams as Maggie Wylie and Mr. Richard Bennett as John Shand, the studious burglar who broke into the Wylyes' house to use their library, in "What Every Woman Knows"

a false alarm, it was almost as if Sheridan had galloped in on a real horse and ordered the ranks to reform and charge.

Maggie Shand had brought a second draft of her husband's speech with her, and she intended that they should go over it together and that he should be made to believe as usual that it was all his. The good-humored Comtesse, however, slyly takes the speech from the bag and sends it to Mr. Venable, who is working in the garden. When the humorless Shand discovers this apparently ghastly blunder—that his wife's corrections should go to Mr. Venable as his own—and Maggie, knowing well what is going to happen and fighting desperately to keep intact her husband's belief in himself, cries: "I am so ashamed, John—Oh, I am so ashamed!" a breeze of whispers leaped across the house with a quick tigerish force which was almost terrifying.

Then Mr. Venable is discovered approaching. "Now," cries the Comtesse, "now we shall see just what part you did have in this!" And before Mr. Venable reached the stage, before he had said how good the speech was and started to read some of its irresistible "Shandisms," before, in short, the moment had at all arrived, the whole balcony began to applaud. It was as if beneath the droll comedy on the stage a sort of epic of sex was being played, as if each woman there saw in Maggie Shand's self-denial her own life and the other lives of that sex whose greatest work is unheralded, which realizes itself most completely often through the completest renunciation. Overpowered by the collective emotion, dangling helplessly near the roof in J-19, one seemed to hear bugles and battle cries under those quick whisvers and the patter of gloves.

Miss Adams's company present the comedy with something of the sympathetic care and appreciation with which a new garden or a pleasing view might be shown to strangers by an intelligent and agreeable family. One can't help wishing that one who can do such neat and finished work as Miss Adams does during much of the play would refrain from winning easy applause by talking that half-strangled, unintelligible baby-talk into which she lapses so frequently in the first two acts. It is like a child playing on the sympathy of grown-ups by amusingly pretending to cry. In the last act her rare personality and her art are at their best and she is altogether charming. The three Scotch brothers are played in the drollest and most accurate fashion by Mr. R. Peyton Carter, Mr. David Torrence, and Mr. Fred Tyler. Miss Beatrice Agnew, the well-remembered Columbine in Mr. Barrie's "Pantaloons," is miscast as Lady Sybil, who must have been a big, handsome, stupid sheep of a woman. Possibly, owing to Miss Adams's physique, it was thought best not to force little Maggie Shand's wits to vanquish too physically overpowering a siren. Mr. Richard Bennett is capital as John Shand. Each of the several parts Mr. Bennett has had during his past few seasons in New York has been distinguished for its naturalness and unaffected force, and this is easily the best thing he has done. His make-up of the raw-boned, uncouth, humorless, and altogether self-confident "grind" of the first act is excellent; his accent convincing, and he succeeds in suggesting Shand's real force and ability without ever covering up his denseness and superficial stupidity. Altogether a play and a performance very much worth while and more enjoyed when seen again than even the first time.

#### Mr. Klein Puts Us Through the Third Degree

A day when "magnates" of all sorts are viewed with suspicion and the mere possession of great wealth carries with it a presumption of guilt, there is something peculiarly touching in the almost religious awe with which our local swells are regarded by Mr. Charles Klein. A stony cold and passionless Valhalla called "Fifth Avenue" has been constructed by his fond imagination where these beings dwell, invariably in "mansions" or "marble palaces." The Medici and Borgias were mere *parvenus* in comparison.

Altoof as arctic icebergs from the torrid or even temperate zones of ordinary human feeling, they lack even

the usual human instincts toward their own flesh and blood and when, as in Mr. Klein's latest play, "The Third Degree," the son of one of them marries a pretty waitress while an undergraduate at New Haven, the father not only will have nothing to do with either, but when his son is falsely accused of murder and is about to be railroaded to the electric chair by an unscrupulous police captain, the genial father only asks that he be freed from all discussion of the distressing affair. And when the heroic young wife, pathetically admitting that she knows she ain't a lady, but she does love Howard and will do anything on earth to save his life, endeavors to get Mr. Jeffries to employ his lawyer in the case, the father becomes as irritated as if some one had served him warm champagne and plays the scene through with his back turned to the appealing Annie lest by merely catching sight of her the spotless Jeffries escutcheon receive the leprosy touch of the common herd.

Of course it is hard for an audience, who never saw or heard of such people on sea or land, to view the dramatic sufferings which their behavior inflicts with the proper seriousness. They are therefore obliged to take the really interesting character of Annie Jeffries for what it is worth, detached from the absurdities into which Mr. Klein forces it, and enjoy as much as they can the very admirable acting of Miss Helen Ware. In the several parts which this young actress has attempted during the past two or three seasons—in "The Road to Yesterday," the one-act pieces at the Berkeley Lyceum, in "Regeneration"—she has shown unusual intelligence and sincerity and an especial aptitude for impersonating vigorous young women with turbulent emotions rather near the surface. This appealing figure of the whole-hearted girl who had married above her social station is the most finished thing she has done.

The "third degree," from which the play takes its name, is that process of cross-questioning and intimidation through which the police put suspects in the hope of wringing from them a confession. It is a process open to abuse, and Mr. Klein apparently feels that this abuse is common enough to justify writing a play about it.

In this piece a young man falls asleep in the room in which an acquaintance of his commits suicide and is accused of the murder. Arrested on the spot, he is put through a grueling cross-examination lasting for hours, until exhausted and half-hysterical, he is finally hypnotized by the shining revolver which the police captain holds close to his face and in that condition repeats at the captain's dictation a confession which the captain's "wardman" takes down in shorthand. The rest of the action consists of the heroic young wife's efforts to save him from conviction.

One whole act is taken up with her efforts to induce a well-known constitutional lawyer to take up the case; another ends with her absurd assumption of another's guilt—the offense was only that of having received a letter from the suicide and called at his apartments the night he died—to save the holy name of Mrs. Jeffries from being remotely mentioned in connection with her stepson's case; and the last, in a tedious unraveling of an unnecessary knot. The young husband is told what might quite as well have been confided to him long before, and the curtain falls with his apparent intention to brace up and act like a man.

Mr. Klein has neither the eloquence, humor, nor charm to conceal the piece's tediousness and lack of plausibility. Like his use of the capital-and-labor question a few seasons ago in "Daughters of Men," this is another earnest attempt to utilize materials close at hand with wholly commonplace results. Its local setting and the use of characters and phrases familiar to New York newspaper readers give it a certain momentary interest, but from the point of view of entertainment it belongs to that twilight zone of things neither good nor bad—that crowded twilight zone paved with good intentions.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Battle" lies a little further in the dusk of the twilight zone, if not perilously near the outer dark. The subject—socialism and capitalism—is interesting, especially as Mr. Moffett apparently starts out to support the unpopular capitalistic side. John J. Haggleton, the usual financial Napoleon of such plays, finds that his long-lost son, whom his

wife took away as a baby when she fled from her husband, has grown up on the East Side. The mother died the same night she left Haggleton; the boy grew up without knowing his parents, and at the opening of the play he is an expert driver. His associates regard Haggleton as a sort of monster, and he is in love with a nurse interested in socialism. The millionaire goes down to the East Side under an assumed name and lives in a tenement, primarily to win back his boy, incidentally to prove to the tenement dwellers that their condition is the result of their own lack of thrift and common sense.

What follows is turgid and mixed. We are first taken to a typical tenement interior, littered with furniture and clothes, and used as a sleeping-room by a rather numerous family. The business man casts an eagle eye over the place and wants to know why they have two eight-day clocks on the mantel. He estimates that there are thirty or forty dollars' worth of useless junk encumbering the room. This seems practical and interesting. When the curtain goes up on the next act the room has been cleaned, papered, and brightened with cheerful chintz curtains. Where, however, are the beds? And when the audience discovers that no apparent provision has been made for the family whose uneasy slumbers open the play, and when they hear Haggleton breezily telling of other improvements which no ordinary tenement family could afford, nor landlord permit, the transformation loses some of its force.

This is typical of the continuous inconsistencies of Mr. Moffett's play. The former oil man, ruined by Haggleton and forced to work as a baker, is pathetic and righteously indignant one minute, only to become a sniveling old hypocrite the next, when it is necessary for Haggleton's side of the argument to have force. Jenny, his daughter, is a noble-hearted working girl, taking care of the whole family in one sentence; in the next, when she wants to win Haggleton's son away from the nurse, she becomes a melodramatic siren, as unscrupulous as she is insincere.

The realism of the astonishing scene in which she endeavors to beguile young Ames is worth recalling. She works at gilding little plaster casts. Having succeeded in luring the young man to her room, she proceeds to make herself attractive by letting down her hair, rouging her cheeks, putting on a sort of a dressing sacque and then—to the intense mystification of the audience—mixing up some of her gold paint in a saucer and industriously smearing it over her chest. A very hectic scene ensues, at the height of which she throws back the dressing-gown, revealing a bosom which the audience must assume is glistening like a snow-scene Christmas card, and as Ames recoils in astonished pity, she gasps: "All us girls get that way sooner or later. It's in our blood," the inference being that as an occupation gilding is exceedingly unhygienic. Discovering the tell-tale saucer a moment later, Ames strides tragically toward the unhappy Jenny, and holding her firmly with his left hand, applies his right forefinger to her chest. Painstakingly he rubs, painstakingly holds up his finger to the glare of the footlights while Miss Elsie Ferguson, who plays the girl's part, doubtless thinks of those happy hours, all too brief, earlier in the winter when she was so successful in "Pierre of the Plains," and the audience is supposed to survey this absurd scene with seriousness and share in the bitterness of the young man's disillusionment.

That the battle is between the millionaire and the socialistic nurse there is doubt, because poor Mr. E. M. Holland as Gentle craftily tells the audience so:

Margaret Lawrence (*tragically to Haggleton senior*). "You must choose between him and me."

Gentle (*sotto voce to audience*). "The fight is on." Now and then this struggle ascends to very successful psychological heights.

John J. Haggleton (*roaring as only Mr. Wilton Lackey can*). "What makes you think I am his father?" Margaret Lawrence (*staggering back to table*). "I am a WOMAN! I do not think. I feel. (Applause and cheers, there being few surer ways of arousing an audience's enthusiasm than to state triumphantly that woman is without intelligence, although there seems no special reason to assume that one lady's instinct should tell her that one perfectly strange gentleman is another strange gentleman's father.)

All Mr. Moffett's characters are connected by those ingenious and highly complicated chains of relationship which exist in plays. The nurse, Miss Lawrence, is the daughter of a man whom Haggleton ruined, and of course it was that particular act of his which drove his disgusted wife away. Miss Lawrence feels, therefore, that she can not marry young Ames because he is his father's son, whereupon Jenny in a final burst of renunciation misses Miss Lawrence that it was her brother, Mr. Lawrence, who was responsible for her, Jenny's, original undoing, so why should Miss Lawrence be proud? In the end the young people are reconciled, Haggleton organizes a huge bakery trust, in which, we are to assume, most of the disgruntled find solace, and he promises to give ten million dollars to help New York's poor. How can that be done, however, without pauperizing them? Well—and here the brilliant magnate produces maps and specifications which he is just about to explain when the final curtain goes down.

Nothing is "proved." Mr. Moffett has explained that he is not trying to prove anything, merely to provide an evening's entertainment. Of course if people can be entertained by seeing repeated on the stage, without interpretation or transmutation, the same conflicting arguments which they hear daily more intelligently and eloquently expressed in books and sermons, Mr. Moffett has succeeded. "The Battle," however, has much the relation to what a play should be that newspaper stories of any changing movement or event, with statements, denials, counter-denials, etc., etc., have to the ultimate truth about it.

I regret that it is not possible to make any extended mention here of Mr. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." This and other plays will be reviewed later.



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A Suffragette

Drawn by CHARLES D.



Suffragette Husband

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

# Breaking Into Vaudeville

The Genial Art of Writing One-Act Playlets,

Full of Laughs or Weeps



You can turn suddenly to an utter stranger sitting next to you in a car and say: "How's your play coming on?" and it's almost certain that before he can recover himself he will reply: "Why, I have the first act nearly finished and the other three all blocked out."

**H**OEMAKER, stick to your last. But if you follow this maxim, Mr. Shoemaker, you won't have any more fun than had you obeyed that other judicious precept: "Be good and you will be lonesome."

There is no joy so great as that of trying something you have seen others do successfully whether you can do it or not. When I was a boy and saw a man in spangled tights perform on a slack wire in a circus, I went home and spent the best part of my recess hours swinging and waving about on a clothes-line I had stretched across the hay-loft. No one knows to what expert state I might have arrived had not a series of falls, finally resulting in a broken arm, stifled my lofty ambition.

We are all monkeys; some of us, of course, more so, but all of us have that remaining trait of our ancestors that makes us try to do whatever we see some one else doing. There never was a doctor who didn't want to be a lawyer, and vice versa; there never was a banker who didn't have literary ideals, and vice versa, and it is almost a safe bet that there was never a doctor or a lawyer or a poet or a banker who didn't think he could write a play.

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I don't know whether it's the lure of the dollar or not. Stories of fabulous royalties may inspire the impecunious literary hack, but the prosperous business man who doesn't need the money is just as keen and more confident. It's a disease that is contagious. I caught mine from several friends who are regular playwrights, and the minute I fell into my first success nearly every artist I know went home and began writing a play. "If they had had the time" they would have finished them. There are probably more unfinished plays lying around in the backs of desk drawers than there are mortgages.

It's so easy to start to write a play. It's like copying Gibson. His drawings are done with such apparent ease that every school-child in the country that has the slightest talent sits down and makes hideous copies of them. That's one thing Mr. Gibson has done for art. He has inspired more amateur, and some professional, draftsmen to ambitious effort than all the Old Masters in the Copley Print Book. Just as some disease you may contract may force you to break out with something, so the playwriting disease you catch will constrain you to break into vaudeville. Either is rash. Help! That's the kind of stuff you must write. When you toss 'em off like that you are competent to write playlets for the varieties.

So you see how naturally I came about it. Aside from this I employed an absolute contrary method from that usually laid out by most professional successes. When an actor has a day off, he goes to the theater just the same as when a sailor is on a furlough he spends his time on a pier watching ships go by. Give a postman a holiday and he will go out and take a walk, and when an artist has a vacation he breaks for an art gallery. But I never did. I went to shows till I got to doing theatrical pictures, and almost specializing in them. Then I was once a dramatic critic, too, and, of course, that helps you a lot in writing a play.

Hanging over so many gallery rails in the theaters, is it any wonder that I became inoculated and fell? Not over the rails, but worse—into vaudeville. I saw so many plays, some so good and others so bad, that I was fired with the desire to save the drama. Having seen so many unfinished manuscripts, I declared that I would work till I finished mine. If it was to be a three or four act play, it might take three or four evenings to do. But, fearing that the inspiration would wear off if it took longer than one evening, I decided to make it a one-act play and do it at a single sitting. Thus I wrote my first masterpiece.

Of course I knew there was a greater demand for one-act plays in vaudeville than in the regular theaters, so I took it to a vaudeville manager. And I think the only reason it was produced was because it was written

By SEWELL COLLINS

Illustrated by the Author

by an artist. You may remember—I don't exactly—what Mark Twain said about a woman suffragist having accomplished something or other? He compared the achievement to the performance of a trick dog in the circus. What he did was not such a wonderful feat, but for a dog it was simply marvelous.

It was this thought that gave me my first suspicion about vaudeville—that it is as different from regular theater business as racing horses is from raising them. The vaudeville manager admits his business is a freak one. If you talk art to him or drama, he tells you he is not in the theater business, and if you accuse him of running a dime museum, he becomes indignant. He probably did once run a dime museum, but now he conducts a dollar museum. Most of the acts are still engaged as freaks, not as theatrical attractions. There was a time when decent people wouldn't go to a vaudeville show. Nowadays our best people go, drawn there by some of our best attractions. But these features were engaged as freaks. The vaudeville manager is astute enough to arrange his bill so as to appeal to all classes. He may have Arnold Daly or Henrietta Crosman on the program for the amusement of one class of patrons, but they will be sandwiched between an unspeakable song-and-dance act and a troupe of trained seals. Crosman and Daly may entertain one class, but they are curiosities to the others who came to see the seals. The manager will tell you he has no artistic ideals; he is a business man.

The standard of vaudeville, however, is being gradually raised, just as the quality of everything is creeping up. The public that demands it is not so benighted as the manager thinks. The public reads books and goes to good plays once in a while. The best weekly and monthly magazines cost but ten or fifteen cents, and there are some pretty fair newspapers for a penny. Would that the manager spent an occasional dime or a penny! Instead, he is out spending all kinds of money getting what he thinks are attractions, using his experience of the dime-museum days as his guide. The result is that every little while the vaudeville-going public has its intelligence insulted by "attractions" that are freakish in the truest sense of the word. It makes no difference whether it is a Marathon winner, a has-been actor, or a scandal-fed woman ungrammatically advertised—they are seldom profitable to the manager. The public does not want to see them exhibited as freaks; they must do something. Jack Binns proved himself a double hero when he tastefully turned down a vaudeville offer and unwittingly saved some dime and a lot of money.

If the manager only understood the public's wants as well as do the editor and publisher! The theatrical manager bears about the same relation to the public that the publisher does. They are both middlemen, supplying entertainment to the masses. Neither is a producer, but the manager calls himself one. All he produces is the booking route. But the real producer—the writer or the actor—needs him as much as the artist or the writer does the publisher. The vaudeville manager calls himself a business man, but he is not. He is a sure-thing player. The publisher calls himself a business man too, but he takes a chance.

As an artist accustomed to dealing with publishers I have discovered the difference between the editor and the manager, and perhaps can show it by the following: When I make a drawing I take it to an editor. In the first place, he knows the difference between good and bad, and has some idea of what his readers want. If he likes it or thinks his public will like it, he buys it (and maybe he sometimes makes a mistake). If he feels that it is not what he wants, he tells me so, and I go out with sorrow in my heart. (And I am positive that he has frequently made grave mistakes.) If I write a playlet and take it to a vaudeville manager, he says: "Go try it out. Show it to the public. You can't get a chance in a first-class house because they don't want tryouts, but that's none of my affair, and if it proves to be any good and we are sure the public likes it, then I will take it." That means he will give the act "booking" and will allow me to present it continuously to the profit of both of us. He takes no chances. He's a business man. Suppose a magazine editor would say to me when I offered him a cover design: "I don't

know whether this is any good or not, but you go out and find a crowd of people and show it to them, and if they like it I will put it on the front of my magazine and sell it to them. I don't want to take any chances; I'm a business man."

If they ever allow horse-racing again, I do hope they will let me go to the track, just once, and make a good round wager on some horse—after the race has been run. Then I'd feel like a vaudeville manager.

#### The Disappearing Naughty Little Words

T WOULD be unfair to say that the vaudeville manager is not improving along with everything else, for he has had it proved to him, time and time again, that the public knows—if it only gets a chance to pass judgment. And, little by little, as the manager is improving, little by little is vaudeville improving, so that now we have among the successes of this season two playlets, both written by an artist. But I sometimes feel that were I blind and paralyzed, and had been tried for murder and had written these little sketches with one foot while clinging by my teeth to a raft at sea in my efforts to escape the fury of the bigamy courts, I could get much more money for them. That's about all I will say of vaudeville managers. They have been kind to me, so why should I? I'm sorry I am writing this at all. The only reason I am doing it is because I don't think any of them will ever see it.

Vaudeville is no place for mediocre stuff. An act (you must always call it an "act") must be sensationaly good or excitingly bad. Both may succeed. I do not mean indecently or immorally or even suggestively bad. Vaudeville to-day is as "clean" as a church social. In their efforts to "refine" it, the managers have gone to the utmost pains to eliminate from all their bills anything that might offend the most prudish taste. In the big booking offices are posted conspicuously, so that all performers (that's another word you must always use in vaudeville—never an actor or a singer or a trained fish, but "performer")—so that all performers may read, mark, learn, and inwardly Fletcherize, rules—a list of "Dont's": naughty words that must not be used on the stage, and other polite little capers that the artist in his zeal might lapse into. I am always tempted to offer a year's subscription of Mr. Bok's monthly periodical to be added to this placard, so that there might be no oversights whatever in the matter of parlor etiquette and when to use a finger-bowl and what kind of tea-serviettes to wear with evening clothes in returning a first call in the afternoon.

The one essential in vaudeville seems to be "laughs." Should you take a sightseeing tour through the seventh, eighth, and ninth floors of the St. James Building—that great whirlpool of the allied interests of vaudeville—you will hear nothing but this (from over transoms, from under doors, through windows, out of alcoves, from behind desks, up and down corridors and around corners): "Laughs!"

"Laughs!" "Has it got many laughs?" "How many laughs in it?" "Yes, it's pretty good, but not enough laughs into it." "Well, the serious part is O. K., but the laughs at the end save it," etc., etc., ad lib. and ad nauseam. Wo be to the sketchwright who comes into the booking office with something that does not ooze "laughs." And still several of the most successful sketches in vaudeville are serious. Not tragic, mind you, but pathetic. Pathos—ah, there's the answer, dear reader, maudle. An unconventional ending never; but all the weeps you want if they live happily ever afterward.

I wrote one that I thought was serious. The vaudeville producer found it was funny and engaged a comedian to play it. It has been one of the successes mentioned above, and the vaudeville audience from one edge of the country to the other has laughed. As Lew Field says, I don't know whether they are laughing with me or at me. So I solace myself by saying that pathos and humor are so closely akin, or something like that.

Then I wrote another that I thought was funny. It impressed a friend of mine so humorously that he volunteered to put money into it. We rehearsed it with a capable company, bought the most expensive setting ever put into a vaudeville sketch, and made other elaborate preparations, all because we thought it was so funny. When all was ready, the makers and breakers in the booking office sent us over to Lemon, New Jersey,

(Concluded on page 28)



*The young woman had her back to him; and he recognized at once that it was a back that was all a back should be*

## In the Matter of Art

*The Leading Lady Who Went Among the Green Fields and Dwelt in the House at the Top of the Hill*

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON



HE automobile had dragged itself up the steep rise of the country road with a painful slowness, with a violently irregular beat of its great pulse and every now and then an explosive hoarse cough of protest. The chauffeur shook his head and listened and shook his head again, like a doctor who sees that the end is near. The man beside him kept flicking the ash from a cigar impatiently, his eyes now on the turn of the road ahead, now on the procession of little wayside cedars that marked the slowness of the car's progress by the way they crawled forward and sidled by. They were held in single file, like a chain gang, by three rusty strands of barbed wire, for a fence. Behind them a cow, in an orchard-pasture, chewed with true bucolic stolidity as she watched. Around her the old apple trees, petrified by decay, stood motionless, as if they had just been interrupted in some skeletonized dance of death, their bone-thin, bleached limbs contorted, their bare twigs, as sharp as talons, still quivering a little in the sunlight.

The chauffeur thrust down a lever that mercifully ended the agony. The car settled back against a water-bar, panting noiselessly. The man sighed and rose from his seat.

The chauffeur had told him what was wrong with the machine—something the matter with the “contact”—but Rutley did not believe it. He believed that the chauffeur was one of those deaf mechanical idiots who are never happy except when they are tinkering with machinery, who invent reasons for tinkering and then tinker so badly that they have to tinker again to cure the ill effects of the previous tinkering, and so on forever. It was an annoying defect in the man's character, but Rutley accepted it—as he accepted all human delinquencies—without trying to correct it. He was not a reformer. He was a playwright; and human defects, like human virtues, were to him, all, “material.”

He did not so much as look to see which part of the machine was to be operated upon now, but turned his back on it and moved slowly away up the road in his dust ulster, smoking. The apple orchard was not like any he had ever seen used on the stage, and he made a note of it in his memory. The blue haze of the valley beyond was a commonplace of back-drops, and he turned from it to the other side of the road where poison-ivy and blackberry brambles struggled with a thicket of plum shoots for possession of a hollow in the hillside. When he passed the thicket he saw a house, a well-top, and a woman drawing water there.

That was the order in which he saw them and the order in which he considered them. The house might have had some interest, for “By gosh” drama, if it had not been spoiled by a new roof of cedar shingles, new tin gutters, and new lead pipes. The well-top was characteristic—particularly the faded green verditer of the lattice on it. The young woman had her back to him; and he recognized at once that it was a back that was all a back should be.

There was not a show-girl on the Rialto that had a better. From shoulders to hips it was ideally flat—as flat as a kite. It rose, from a round waist to rounded shoulders, on a line of vertebrae that would be indented like a prolonged dimple. It responded with its muscles to every tug of her arms on the rope of the well; and when she bent, it was as supple as a snake's.

Rutley was a connoisseur in backs—for dramatic purposes. Understanding the value of suggestion in situations where expression would be crude, he held that no actress could interpret modern art unless she could turn her face from the footlights and speak with her back—with a mobile, eloquent, and always beautiful back. And

he said now to himself, as he watched the young woman at the well: “That's as good a back as Celia Cibber's”—of whom it reminded him.

He said it with a reminiscent scowl, for it was he who had discovered Celia Cibber, and it was he who had lost her. Her sudden withdrawal from the lead in his “By Hook or Crook” had crippled that play at the beginning of what had promised to be a long run in New York. She had gone abroad—to England—nobody knew why—in spite of his furious indignation and the more tender regrets of a public that had just begun to rise to her adoringly. She had given him her address—in care of a London tourist agency—and he had torn it up and flung it on the deck at her feet as he turned to leave her on the steamship; and he had not heard a word from her or of her since.

While he was still scowling—at the thought of Miss Cibber—the woman bent to empty the well-bucket into her tin pail, and showed him a cheek, the point of a camel's-hair eyebrow, and a pink ear. He snatched his cigar from his lips and hastily fanned aside a plume of smoke that obscured his vision, staring. She walked across the grass, unconscious of him—bent sideways, lithely, with the weight of the pail—as graceful as a Naiad with a vase on her hip. The screen door of the kitchen slapped shut behind her. Inside, she began to sing, in a deep contralto voice:

“Now you are married you must obey;  
You must be careful of all you say:  
You must be kind, you must be good—”

He had flung his cigar aside, as if it were his last doubt, and strode after her. With the click of his heels on the stone slabs of the walk, the song stopped. When he came to the screen, he saw her standing beside the stove, holding a tin dipper over the mouth of the tea-kettle, her face turned to him.

He was sure that she could not distinguish his features; the strong sunlight was at his back. And he did not believe that she recognized his voice when he demanded abruptly: “What are you doing here?” But the amazing self-possession that had been her first stage asset, she emptied the dipper into the kettle and clapped the lid on it before she replied: “I'm making luncheon.”

He pushed open the door to confront her dramatically, his visored cap in his hand. She did not accept the confrontation. She put her dipper on a table; then she wiped her fingers on the kitchen apron that she wore; finally, with an amused arching of her eyebrows and a slowly growing smile, she said: “How do you do?” and held out her hand to him.

To no one who remembers Celia Cibber in “By Hook or Crook” will any description of her smile seem adequate. It was one of those elusive smiles that do not wrinkle, that do not so much as pucker, the face—that do not even draw a line from the nostril to the mouth, but turn aside, under the rounding cheeks, and twinkle in two dimples there. It opened her eyes gaily. It showed the white of parted teeth that were waiting for the low laugh and darling chuckle that were to follow.

When the chuckle came he dropped her hand. But in that brief interval he had seen and decided that she was as handsome as ever, as inscrutable as ever, and more at her ease with him than ever. The friendliness of her smile was only the sparkle of sunlight on very deep water; he knew it; he knew that no amount of peering would give him a sight of what lay below that dazzle; and it was with the intention of freeing his eyes of it—of clouding it over—that he repeated, with his persistent frown: “What are you doing here?”

“Living,” she said. “Don't you like it?”

It was a blue-and-white kitchen, with blue-and-white curtains on the windows, blue-and-white china on the shelves, blue-and-white linoleum on the floor.

“Stagy,” he said—and repeated “Stagy” at her blue-and-white checked apron.

“Sniff now,” she said, “and I'll think I'm at a rehearsal again.”

He preserved his expression of Dantesque severity and disgust, refusing to be wheedled. It was an expression which she had once thought awfully like Sir Henry Irving's at his most impressive. It did not awe her now; it seemed to amuse her; and she laughed, clasping her hands in her bosom as if the humor of it tickled her there.

“You went to England.”

She nodded. “And came back again on the next boat—by way of Montreal.” She added, as a woman's postscript: “I was married there—in Montreal.”

“Married!” He bent upon her a penetrating, quick frown of suspicious scrutiny. “Married!” She continued to hug herself with that unchanging girlish joyousness. “Don't tell me you've been such a fool.” She smiled and smiled, twinkling at him. “Who?”

“Oh, a dear!” she gurgled. “Nobody that you know. A love?”

He thrust his hands—cap and all—into the pockets of his ulster. “So that was it! I might have guessed it. And he supports you—does he?—in this abode of luxury.”

Her look deepened into a sort of happy pity of him. “He works for me, and I work for him.”

“Did you know where he was going to bring you when you—married him?”

“I picked it out. We had it ready before I sailed. I went to England just to throw you all off the scent.”

“And you gave up your engagement—your career—for this?” he asked contemptuously.

She considered him a moment with her untroubled gray eyes; then she shook her head. “Oh, you wouldn't understand,” she said; and with an adorable gesture of smiling young wisdom, she dropped her hands and turned from him—to the stove.

He began to pace up and down the room. “And you had the promise of being the comedienne of America!”

“You said I was the worst—”

“Nothing but a little training between you and anything in tragedy! The public ready to lie down and roll at your feet! All the money coming you could wish for—more than you could use. Why, damn it all, common sense—ordinary common sense,” he cried to her indifferent back, “I thought you had that, anyway.”

She said, over her shoulder, as she broke an egg and drained off the white into a bowl: “I can't cook with you stamping around—if I did act with it.”

“Cook!” he fumed. “Cook! There are millions of women to cook. You're an actress.”

“Oh, I'm learning,” she said. “Just a little training between me and anything in a dinner. I can do a foamy omelet. I'm doing one now, if you'll be quiet a moment.”

He folded his arms in the final calm of nervous exasperation. “Who is he? Where is he?”

“He's a newspaper man.” She broke another egg. “He commutes—to Findlay—and walks here over the hill.” She applied herself to a Dover beater. “He gets home at four in the afternoon and leaves at six in the morning.”

“Good heavens! A commuter! A suburbanite! In New Jersey! What else? Poor, I suppose.”

She was consulting her cook book. “Twenty-five dollars a week. One tablespoonful of butter. One—”

“Are you living on twenty-five dollars a week?”

“Yes. Now please don't bother me,” she said. “Go and sit down in the other room—where it's cooler.” And she knitted her brows over the recipe, determinedly oblivious of him, in an almost exaggerated pose of housewifely absorption in her work.

He went to the door of the dining-room—a sunny,

small room, done in what the decorators call "old gold," with yellow sill-curtains of Chinese silk on the windows, and a sere grass matting on the floor. "Twenty-five dollars a week!"

She said, from the cupboard: "And enough money in the bank to last us three years."

"Ach!" He left her—with her irritating happiness and complacency—and stalked through to the living-room, glancing in at a white bedroom as he passed. There was nothing anywhere to indicate the actress. Even the pictures on the walls were not of the stage. They were the usual reproductions of popular magazine prints—many of them what are technically known, to the producers of them, as "kissing pictures." He sniffed and turned his back on them, standing before the window, his hands in his pockets, his feet wide apart, in a thoughtful attitude of depression. It was his attitude of "reconstruction" when rehearsal had developed his growing doubts into a conviction that a scene could not "go" as it had been written.

He stood there until he saw his chauffeur and his auto appear from behind the plum thicket; then he went to the door and called authoritatively: "Go on up the road and get yourself something to eat"—and came back to the dining-room with the face of determination.

"You're acting," he said. "It's all a pretense."

She was setting the table with dishes for two, and she did not interrupt her work while she replied: "Don't you think I do it well?"

"Because you're deceiving yourself. You're playing being married and keeping house—acting it—and you think it's real."

"Well, at least," she said, "I get more pleasure out of it than I ever did in *your* plays." She looked up at him, archly sly, to see how he took it.

He took it with a grim nod. "You've been reading Ellen Terry's memoirs. That's where you got the idea. Aha!" he cried. "I thought so. Wanted to act the Mary Anderson, didn't you?"

She had shown by a blush that he had probed her, but she carried it off: "Ellen Terry went back to the stage. Mary Anderson—"

"Oh, you'll go back. You'll go back. And the public'll not remember who you are."

"It wouldn't take me more than one night to remind them," she said proudly as she passed into the kitchen.

He drew up a chair to the table and sat down with his elbows on the cloth. "Wouldn't it! Wouldn't it!" he exulted. "How long do you think you'll keep young here? You'll look like that old apple orchard before you're thirty. Work yourself angular—" ("I've gained five pounds," she called out)—"spoil your hands—" ("I'll wear rubber gloves.")—"ruin your complexion—" ("Not with rouge, anyway.")—"grow drowsy, stolid, beefy. Your husband will tire of you—"

"Will he?" she said, reappearing with the omelet on a platter and the teapot in the other hand. "I'll attend to that. It'll be variety that will tire him, if he does."

"And you'll tire of him."

"If I do, I'll never let him know it. Now—" She put the omelet before him—"help that before it goes flat. Won't you take off your ulster?"

He was hungry enough to be diverted by the sight of food, and gentle enough to be mollified by an offering of hospitality, but he still insisted, even as he took off the coat: "You're acting. There's not a thing of your real self in the whole house. You're pretending that you were never on the stage. Not even a picture."

"You haven't seen the garret. Cream and sugar?" she asked, pouring his tea. "Real cream. We have a cow. I milk her."

He had to say: "Please. Two lumps." He helped her to a portion of the omelet, and she smiled hospitably upon him as she took her plate from him and passed him his cup. "Jack says I brew tea like an Englishwoman."

"Now look here," he said, as he attacked his omelet, with the air of a man who was accustomed to transacting business at luncheon, "you can't put me off. I've caught you, and you might as well give up first as last. Who is he? Eh? Where did you meet him? Why did you marry him? Why did you run away and hide?"

"Because," she replied, addressing herself daintily to her food, "I knew you would all talk just as you have been talking now, and I didn't want to be bothered with you."

"Guilty conscience," he said curtly. "You knew you were doing wrong. Did you tell your parents?"

"I haven't any. Mother died—and father married again—before I went on the stage. He's too respectable to own a daughter who's an actress. Jack was the only person in the world I cared a cent about. I knew him before I came East. He's been writing to me for years."

"Love letters?"

"Oh, the loveliest!" she cried. "It was his letters that did it. He could never have talked like that."

"He's a hypocrite," Ruttle said. "No man ever wrote good love letters that wasn't. I know it. He'll fool you yet."

She laughed, in a happy scorn of his cynicism. "Save that for a play."

"I will. And I'll give you the line. Go on. Why have I never seen this paragon?"

He listened, playing a keen eye from her to his plate and back again.

"I wouldn't have him hanging about the stage door. I told him so. Besides, I wasn't in love with him then. I just used to meet him, now and then, somewhere, to cheer him up. I saw you once on the street, but I got him around the corner before you noticed us."

"The girl who deceives her father will deceive her husband." That's the moral of runaway matches. Go on."

"And then he took ill, and I didn't see him for nearly a month, and I missed him so much—"

"That you thought you were in love with him. I understand. That's the usual thing. He was probably pretending that he was sick, just to see whether you had 'got the habit' or not. He played you like a fish—tautened the line—and when he was sure that he had you well hooked—eh?—he said: 'Now you must leave the stage. That stream's a little too swift. I'll feel safer when I have you in my own little creel.' You were a gull."

"No." She pushed back her plate and put her elbows on the table, her hands clasped under her chin. "No."



"Stagy," he said—and repeated "Stagy" at her blue-and-white checked apron

He didn't say a word about leaving the stage. I did that myself."

"You did. Well, well. No wonder you're proud of it." He took out his cigar-case; she watched him, reminiscently, the light of his match reflected in her set eyes. "Perhaps," he said, "you will explain why?"

She blinked quickly. "Yes," she replied, "I'll explain why. . . . I was out at a studio—a painter's—and he had a pet monkey that imitated everything it had seen him do. It sat at his easel and daubed his canvas—and put its head on one side and then on the other—and when we all clapped our hands and cried: 'What a perfect little actor!' it chattered and made mouths—" She imitated its grotesque baring of the teeth. "And I said to myself: 'There you are. That's you. A perfect little actor. They dress you up and put you on a stage and you imitate what you have seen real people do—'"

"But," he cried, "that's true of all art, if you choose to look at it that way. The painter—he mimics life in colors. The sculptor does it in clay—bronze. I do it in words. You do it with your acting."

She spread her hands. "So much the worse for art. I know a motto for it, then: 'Monkey see; monkey do.' Hang that up in your library."

He puffed at his cigar, ostensibly to resuscitate it, but really to gain a moment in which to prepare a retort.

She did not wait for him. "I was tired of it," she went on, in a voice full of protest, emotion, scorn, and yearning. "Tired of being a monkey. I wanted a real life of my own—away from all you people that don't see anything except to imitate it, to write it, act it, play the monkey with it. And when I found that I really could love Jack—that I had enough of the human being left in me for that—I saw my chance, while I was still young, if I could only get away somewhere, with him, where all the rest of you couldn't come around and remind me that I was only a monkey, and spoil it all, and try to coax me back. That's why I hid. I want to live." She

threw her arms out at the golden sunny room. "Here. A real life. With a real man. And be happy. And I am. Never—you'll never coax me back as long as I can have this. I'm going to have a real life, with real work, real love—and babies—real babies—babies of my own." She stopped, tears in her eyes, her lips trembling; and with one of those sudden changes of mood that had made her acting so heart-tickling, she quavered: "And you're probably sitting there thinking: 'What a beautiful bit for a play!' If I could only get her to act it like that!"

"You were thinking it yourself," he said to the ash of his cigar, "or it never would have occurred to you. However, you could marry and keep your private life to yourself. Your public life—"

"I don't want any public life. I've had all the public life I want. I don't want two lives. I want it all one—and this one."

"Very well," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it. Nevertheless, there's no reason why a man or a woman can't be a great artist and live a real life as well."

"Nevertheless!" "Nevertheless!" What sort of life do you live?"

He put that question aside gently with his hand. "My life is what I am able to make it. If I were a bigger man I might lead a bigger life. You—"

"I'm not half as big as you are. This is big enough for me—this life."

"You'll eat it up. You'll wolf it. You're gobbling it down now, and smacking your lips over it. When you've devoured it, you'll go back to the other too."

She settled back in her chair rather languorously—exhausted by the emotion that had thrilled her—and looked down at the spoon which she had begun to balance and toy with in her fingers. "You don't know. You don't know how lovely it is. I sing all day long, just for the joy of working for him. I never wash his teacup, after he's gone, that I don't want to kiss it. The dear boy."

He smiled, a trifle wryly. Perhaps it was because he had not had any of that sort of thing in his own life; perhaps because she seemed to him more gushing than sincere. His profession had taught him to suspect the show of emotion and sentiment in a young lady of her training. "Well, I'm glad you're happy," he said. "I hope it lasts. But if you ever want to come back to the stage—"

She shook her head.

"In case he fell ill, or anything—or you needed money. Remember, you owe it to me to come to me first."

"Thank you," she said, non-committally.

"I have a play now that I've just finished. There's a part in it that would make your fortune. You could retire, then, with enough to keep you both in luxury for the rest of your lives."

She had risen. "No, no," she cried. "Behind me, Satan." She caught up some dishes and fled with them. "Don't try to tempt me now," she called from the kitchen, "or I won't come back into the room."

"Very well," he resigned himself. "But I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?" she asked from the doorway.

"That you'll not leave here without letting me know where you go. I want to keep an eye on you."

She came in for the other dishes.

"I will on one condition—that you don't tell any one where I am—that you've seen me, even."

"Very good. That's agreed."

She went about her work. He continued smoking silently, watching her. "You're a strange girl," he said, out of his thoughts.

"Yes?" she smiled. "How did you find me?"

"I've been worked too hard," he sighed. "I needed a rest. I've been knocking around the hills with a cursed mechanic that's always stopping to take the car to pieces. However, people can't write—or telegraph me—"

"So you've run away, too," she said, and left him to go about her kitchen work. "Have to have the place tidy before Jack comes back," she excused herself.

He sat musing, enjoying the quiet of the room, of the view across the valley showing between the curtains of the window, of the whole life that seemed to be peacefully breathing in the faint sounds from the fields. She called, *sotto voce*: "Don't let him come in. He might recognize me."

It was the chauffeur coming back with the car; she had seen him from the kitchen window, far up the road. Ruttle went to the door. "All right," he called through the screen.

"Good-by," he said to her, "and remember."

She dried her hands hastily. "Good-by. And don't forget. Not a word to any one."

They pledged themselves in the clasp of a handshake. He put on his cap and went out.

On his way down the path he heard her take up again the song which his arrival had interrupted:

*"Now you're married, you must obey;  
You must be careful of all you say;  
You must be kind, you must be good—  
And help your husband split the wood."*

"That's acting," he said. "That's acting."

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DUTCH BOY: Where'd you get the kimono?



FIRST GEISHA: A Dutch costume on a desert isle—how ridiculous!

# The Isle of Chestnuts

## A Musical-Miracle Play

By

WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by R. F. THOMSON

**SCENE.**—Curtain rising discovers a Desert Isle densely wooded with second-hand scenery; in the branches overhead sit strange tropical birds singing melodies vaguely reminiscent of all the "popular" tunes. In the offing stretches a Floridora ocean looking quite blue and slightly troubled by financial worries.

A number of Chori, clad in geisha costumes, are offering platters of chestnuts to an equal number of maidens attired in the sort of meal-sack effect popularly known as "Dutch Boy." Chorusmen in misfit dress-suits stalk silently among the palms.

**GEISHA GIRLS (to DUTCH BOYS).**  
Take our chestnuts, dainty laddies,  
Roasted by the spot-light's glare.  
Such a diet not half-bad is;  
Take this fruit from Gwen and Gladys—  
'Tis your daily bill of fare.

**DUTCH BOYS (peevishly).**  
Maidens with the chestnut tresses,  
Pray forgive our scornful air—  
We admire your pretty dresses  
And our charming eyes we bless—  
Yet we shuns them awful messes—  
Chestnuts ain't no bill of fare!

**FIRST GEISHA (to DUTCH BOY).** A Dutch costume on a desert isle—how ridiculous!

**DUTCH BOY.** It matches the other chestnuts, I guess. This costume was first made to be worn in an American opera which was written to imitate the imitation of a near-English musical comedy. We've got to wear these rigs till we can find a willing jokeshmith to write a show to go around the costumes.

**GEISHA.** Will it be a Dutch opera?

**DUTCH BOY.** Kind o' Dutch—the first act is laid in a Harlem flat (eying the Japanese costume scornfully). Where'd you get the kimono?

**GEISHA.** Gilbert and Sullivan. It was made for "The Mikado," and it did pretty well in "The Geisha." It's been hauled out for the past forty years for some sort of Japanese rehash—but I guess the "Sho-Gun" settled it.

**D. B.** It's getting kind o' worn out.

**GEISHA.** Wasp! nothing gets worn out in comic opera.

**Birdland Orchestra strikes up a popular tune reminiscent of DE KOVEN, LUDERS, CHAUNCEY OL'COTT, WAGNER, OFFENBACH, and HARRY VON TILZER.**

**CHORI (forming in double lines, right and left).** On the job, girls! Everybody hail! Hurrah, hurrah!

**Enter ADAM and EVE, followed by forty Fat Female Grenadiers.** ADAM, though slightly gray, is a well-preserved gentleman, sixty or seventy thousand years old. EVE, a lady of uncertain age, is becomingly clad in apple-green with romaine lettuce at neck and sleeves.

**ADAM AND EVE.**

Since we were banished for Eden's iniquities  
Here we've been living collecting antiquities.  
This for the Second-Hand Trade is the artery—  
Over-used dramas from Egypt and Tartary;  
Mildewed ideas we're quite an assorter of,  
Flat British puns we've a mile and a quarter of;  
Jokes of Justinian,  
Anti-Darwinian,  
Minstrel-show quips from the old Abyssinian;  
Problem-plays, passion-plays,  
Clap-trap and fashion-plays,  
Killing and slashing,  
Dare-devil dashing,  
Anthony Hope-ified,  
Thoroughly dope-ified  
Chestnuts from History's cold mausoleum  
Swiped from the shelves of the British Museum.

**CHO.** On the beautiful Isle of Chestnuts  
Where the junk of the stage is stored,  
The overripe yield of Weber and Field  
And the comedy British Lord;  
From Solomon down to Henry B. Smith,  
From Sophocles down to Klein,  
They're shipped from the stage of every age  
To the Land where the Chestnuts twine.

Uncle Tom's Cabin rests here in its awfulness  
'Longside of jokes about mother-in-lawfulness,  
Giggling soubrettes many years past their youthfulness,  
Tie-walking Hamlets still proud of their Boothfulness—  
Here the Old Homestead and Earl of Pawtucket, too,

### Cast of Characters

JULIUS SIEZER.....	A theatrical manager
ADAM AND EVE....	The oldest staggers on any stage
MOSTLY OLDER.....	A successful playwright
VERA WEIRD.....	A star
CAPTAIN FUZZ....	Skipper of the good ship "Junk"

A stage carpenter, a scene shifter, second-hand chorii, misfit chorusmen, deep-stage sailors, forty fat lady grenadiers, etc.

Rest where they've both kicked the old oaken bucket to, Thrills from the prairie-land, Farces from Fairyland, Dramas of "intrigue" from Madame du Barry-land, Same Grand Old Rag-waving Star-spangled flag-waving Half-patriotic, All-tommyrotical Podunk and Paris Of Cohan and Harris Lie in our attic both mildewed and mossified, Covered with dust and a little bit ossified.

**CHO.** On the beautiful Isle of Chestnuts, etc.

**Chori prepare to take sixteen encores; but they are interrupted by the entrance of a Stage Carpenter in great excitement.**

**STAGE CARPENTER.** A boon, your Majesty!  
**ADAM.** Boom away, vassal.

**STAGE CARPENTER.** As I stood behind the scenes a-nailin' a board on the back of the Ocean, suddenly I seen a strange sight—a sail in the offin'.

**ADAM.** How looked the ship?

**STAGE CARPENTER.** Somewhat like a ferryboat that had lost her bearings.

**ADAM.** Glad news! She must be the Jolly Junk of New York under the command of the famous Captain Fuzz. She is due here this afternoon with the latest crop of chestnuts from America. Now, my children, we shall have a treat indeed!

**ALL.** Joy—joy! A treat!!

**A ship sails across the painted ocean and lands serenely on the beach. Sailors begin unloading a large number of mysterious packages, boxes, etc. CAPTAIN FUZZ steps ashore and greets ADAM and EVE affectionately.**

**FUZZ.**

I'm the bravest tar that ever sailed a stage,  
And my trade is quite a noble one, they say—

STAGE CARPENTER: A boon, your Majesty!  
ADAM: Boom away, vassal.

"Tis to gather up the Chestnuts of the Age  
And to bear them to an island far away.  
I have gathered up a "Devil" now and then,  
I have hunted down "The Lion and the Mouse";  
And I think before I come around again  
I'll have salted down the 'Servant in the House.'

For—

I'm the jolly, jolly Captain of the Junk.  
—unk-unk;  
I'm a rather decent fellow when I'm drunk;  
On Love-waltzing and Soul-kissing  
On all Broadway "show up missing"—  
Well, I reckon you can find them on the Junk.  
—punk-punk,  
Yes, I reckon you can find them on the Junk.

**ADAM.** How have the chestnuts been running this year, Captain?

**FUZZ.** Large and starchy. I have in my cargo enough Eddie Foy jokes to swamp the ship. I have 1,000 vats of softsoap by J. M. Barrie, 90 dozen fine imitations of Elsie Janis imitating Harry Lauder, 57 varieties of Wall Street melodrama, 11 Yankee Doodle plays showing a Bright American making a fool of them Foreign Nobility, 40 English dress-suit plays cut to fit John Drew and worn by somebody else; I have 20 enormous tanks of "Paid in Full"; I have—

**ADAM.** What is in that huge, bulky bale over there?  
**FUZZ (nervously).** Those are various versions of the "Merry Widow".

**ADAM (impatiently).** Looke here, Captain—that's going too far. If the "Merry Widow" gets started in this island there'll soon be no room for the other chestnuts.

**Noise of a high wind off stage. The Property Man rushes on pale with fright.**

**PROP. MAN.** O wo! A terrible accident has happened. I've set my wind-machine to going full blast—something has gone wrong and I can't stop her. She's a-blown up a hurricane. There's a private yacht to the nor'-nor'east, and if the wind doesn't abate the ship must be dashed against the scenery and demolished.

**Terrible crash. Thunder and lightning. Stage dark a moment—and when the lights come on, JULIUS SIEZER, VERA WEIRD, and MOSTLY OLDER are seen standing center stage where the waves have tossed them.**

**VERA.** How well the birds sing! A delightful place.  
**SIEZER.** I wonder if it's for sale?

**OLDER.** What an island for a playwright! The air is alive with Ideas—if I linger here I shall be great. I shall receive an inspiration for the most original, the most startling play of the century. (To ADAM)—What is this place called?

**ADAM.** The Isle of Chestnuts. (Turning to SIEZER)—And who are you?

**SIEZER.** I am Julius Siezer, the well-known manager. To my right Vera Weird, my star; to my left Mostly Older, my playwright. We have been sailing round the world in search of a New Idea. Useless! We did manage to steal some things from the French and German—but when we translated them we found that the plots had already been stolen from the American.

**FUZZ.** The latest American chestnuts are in these boxes, bales, and barrels.

**VERA, SIEZER, and OLDER cross over to the cargo of the "Junk" and examine it with exclamations of delight.**  
**SIEZER** lingers lovingly over a large bale labeled "Paid in Full," **VERA** fondly fingers a bundle of clothing labeled "The Thief," while **OLDER** passes among the cargo taking copious notes.

**OLDER.** Eureka! You, Vera, shall have a positively original Play. First Act—Farm in Sag Harbor—all usual scenery, including a mortgage, which is held by a famous Financier of Wall Street. He loves you. You love a young Hungarian musician who has composed a Viennese waltz. Disguised as Ethel Jackson, you waltz with him, and he is yours. But how to lift the mortgage? Ah! Donning the modest cloak of a Lady Magazine Writer, you visit his offices at midnight—"Ha, meh pretty one, you are compr-r-r-omised!"—but no! you draw from your shirt-waist a cat's-eye pin and wave it in his face—the mysterious power of the jewel throws him in a trance—you pinch the precious papers and escape. Third Act—Financier arrives at Sag Harbor farm boiling with rage—says to farmer: "Yer dawter or yer farm!"—when suddenly he sees the Hungarian musician

## Collier's

—“Meh son!” “Father!” “Take her, me boy! All is forgiven!” Westminster chimes effect and “Where is my wandering boy to-night?” by Milkweed Male Quartet. Isn’t that good?

SIEZER. I wouldn’t call it good. I would call it great. Our fortune is made. And now back to America before somebody gets ahead of us with the idea. (To FUZZ)—Here are a million dollars in stage-money. Load all the chestnuts on the *Junk* and take us back to New York at high speed.

CHORI enter attired in sailor-girl costumes and each holding a contract conspicuously displayed. SIEZER signs these papers with a rubber stamp.

Enter SAILORS of the “Junk.”

SAILORS.

It won’t be proper, ladies, for to travel thus alone—Will you marry us?

GIRLS. O that we will!

SAILORS.

Then we’ll all go junking in the *Junk* to find a tem-

p’rate zone—

It will carry us.

GIRLS. O what a thrill!

ALL.

And as nearly always happens in a modern music-play,

We’ll all go on a honeymoon to Old Broadway.

*Chestnuts are piled rapidly on the “Junk” and all embark except ADAM and EVE.*

SIEZER (*as the “Junk” pulls away*). Mr. Adam, won’t you and your wife join us?

ADAM. No, thanks. Me and Mother’s a little too far along for city life. We prefer to stay here and raise cane.

*The “Junk” fades away on the painted ocean, leaving ADAM and EVE alone on the beach.*

EVE. I wonder—why does that Manager come all this distance for his chestnuts when they’re so easy to get at home?

ADAM. I don’t know, my dear—I guess he’s got the habit of going abroad for his material.

CURTAIN



ADAM TO SIEZER: *And who are you?*

## The Two Rosalinds

By THOMAS HARDY

I  
THE dubious daylight ended,  
And I walked the town alone, unweeting whither bound and why,  
As from each gaunt street and gaping square a mist of light ascended  
And dispersed upon the sky.

II  
FILES of evanescent faces  
Passed, unheeding one another in their travail, teen, or joy,  
Some in void unvisioned listlessness inwrought with pallid traces  
Of keen penury’s annoy.

III  
NEBULOUS flames in crystal cages  
Leered as if in discontent at city movement, mulch, and grime,  
And as waiting some procession of great ghosts from bygone ages  
To exalt the ignoble time.

IV  
IN a colonnade, high-lighted,  
By a thoroughfare where stern utilitarian traffic dinned,  
On a red and white emblazonment of players and parts, I sighted  
The name of “Rosalind,”

V  
AND her famous mates of “Arden,”  
Who observed no stricter customs than “the season’s difference” bade,  
Who lived with running brooks for books in nature’s wildwood garden,  
And called idleness their trade. . . .

VI  
NOW the poster stirred an ember  
Still remaining from my ardors of some forty years before  
When the self-same portal on an eve it thrilled me to remember  
A like announcement bore;

XIII  
T WAS the year I had gone there nightly;  
And the voice—though raucous now—was yet the old one.—Clear as noon  
This was my Rosalind. . . . As interlude the band withinside lightly  
Beat up a merry tune.

VII  
AND expectantly I had entered,  
And had first beheld in human mold a Rosalind woo and plead,  
On whose transcendent figuring my speedy soul had centered  
As it had been she indeed. . . .

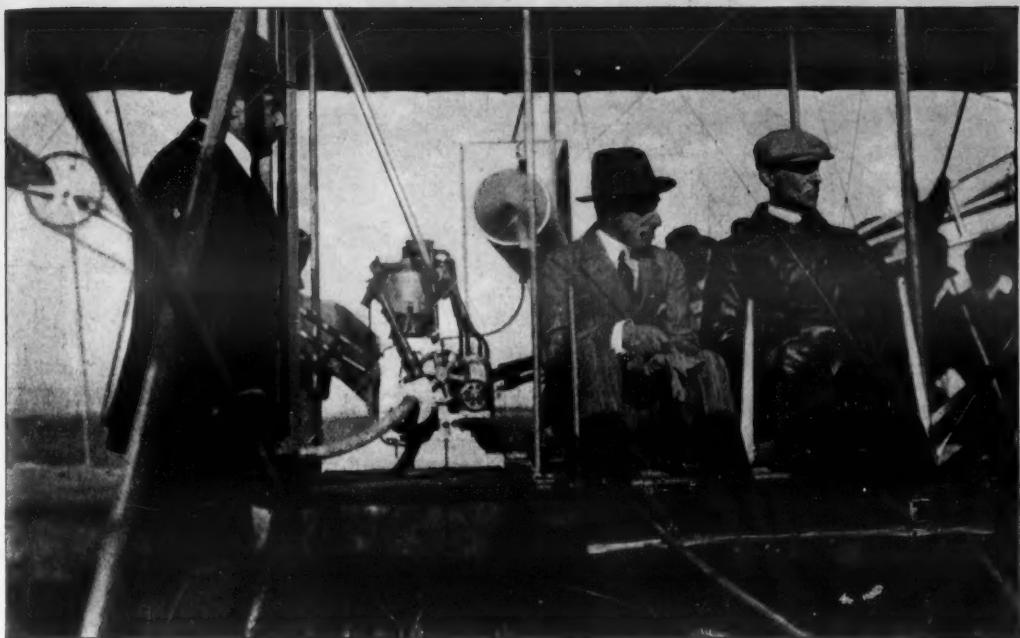
VIII  
SO, all other plans discarding,  
I now turned me inward, bent on seeing what I once had seen,  
And pursued the pathway of my earlier knowledge, disregarding  
The expanse of time between.

IX  
“THE words, sir?” cried a creature  
Hovering ’twixt the shine and shade as mid the live world and the tomb;  
But the well-known numbers needed not for me a text or teacher  
To revive and reillumne.

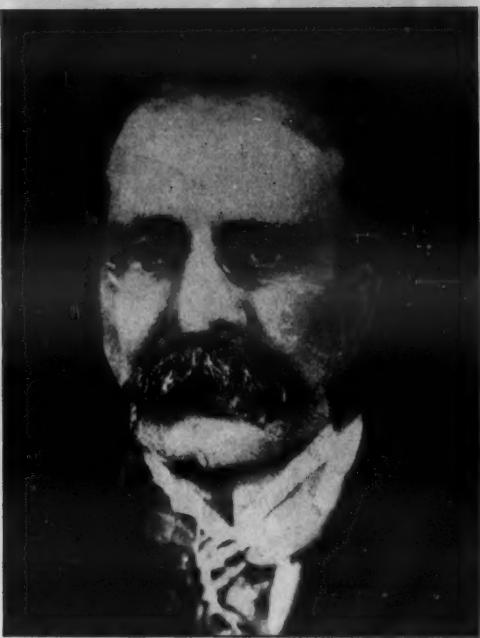
X  
I PASSED in. . . . But how unfitted  
Was this Rosalind!—a mammet quite to me, in memories nurst,  
And with chilling disappointment soon I sought the street I had quitted  
To reponder on the first.

XI  
THE hag still hawked—I met her  
Just without the colonnade. “So you don’t like her, sir?” cried she.  
“Ah, well—I was once that Rosalind!—I acted her—none better—  
Yes—in eighteen-sixty-three!

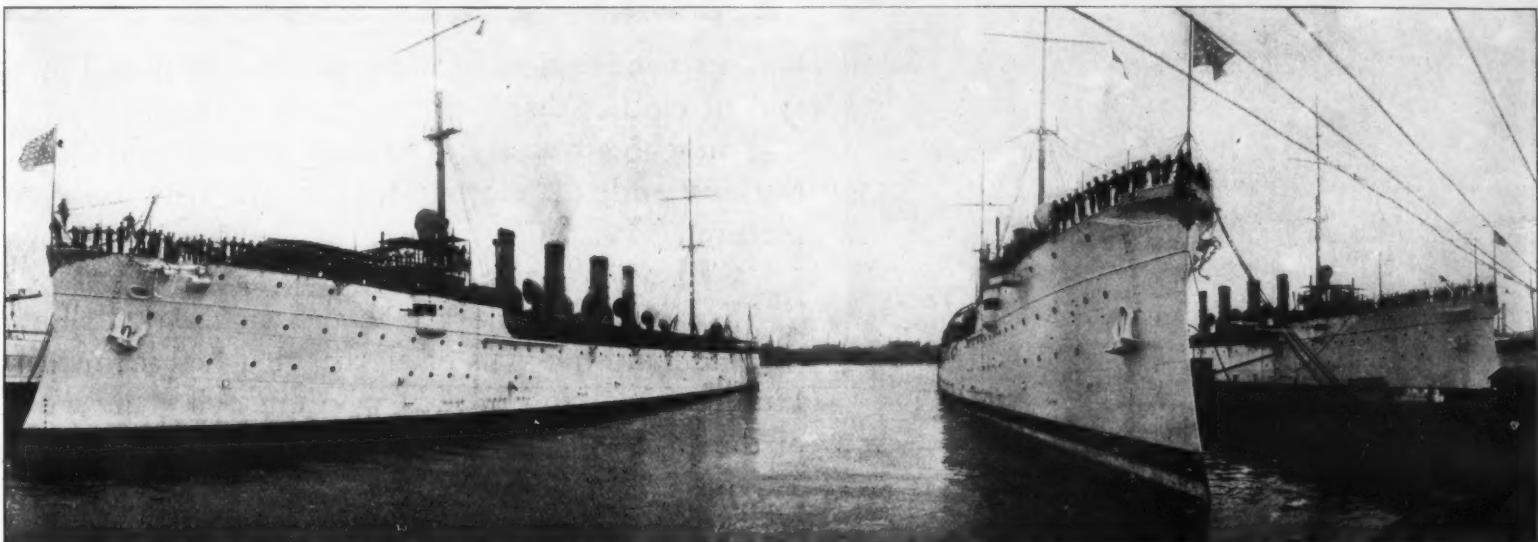
XII  
THIS is how I won him to me  
In my once triumphant days when I had charm and maidenhood,  
Now some forty years ago.—I used to say: ‘Come, woo me, woo me!’ ”—  
And she struck the attitude.



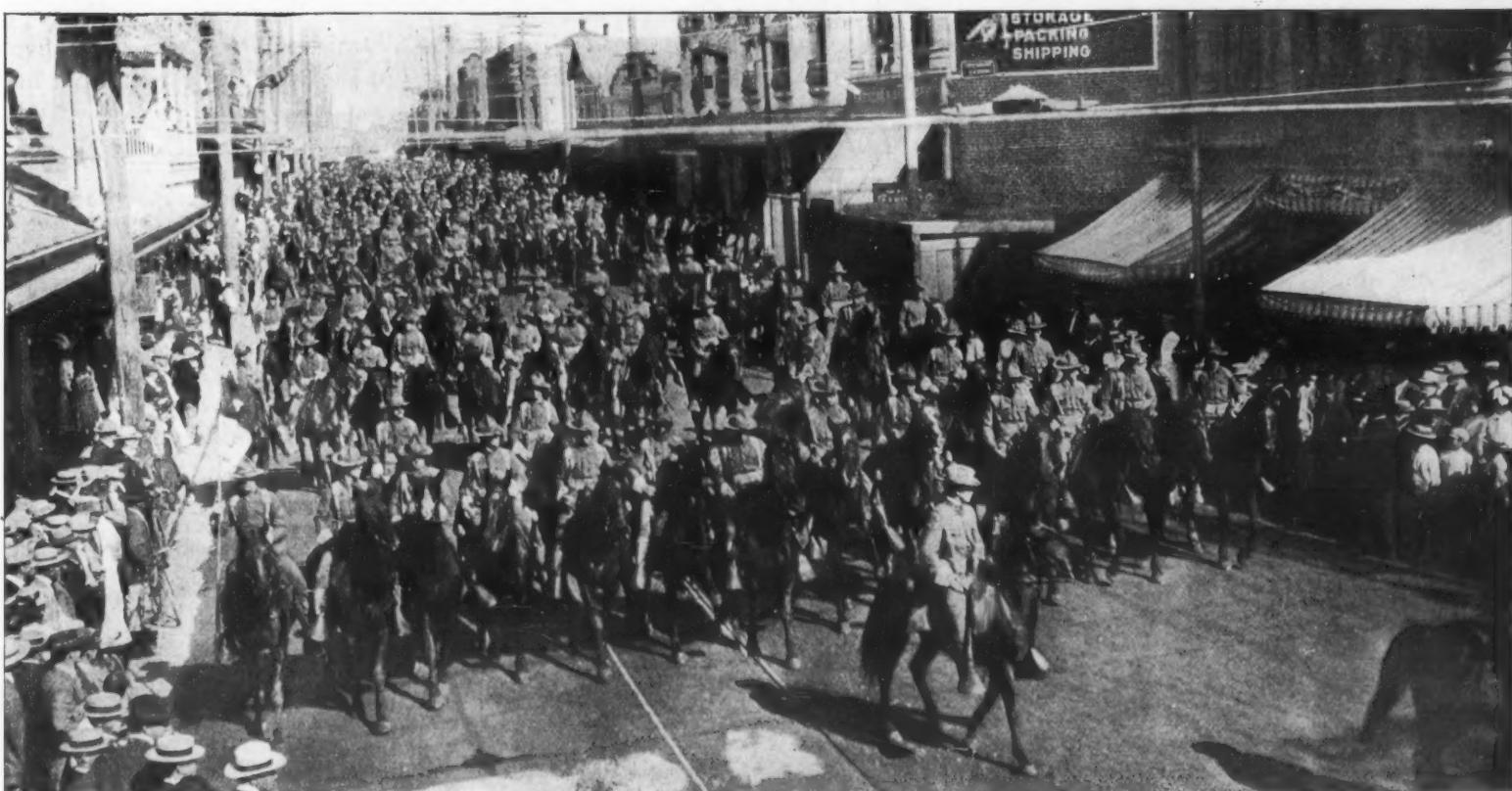
*King Alfonso of Spain sitting in Wilbur Wright's aeroplane at Pau, on February 20, and pulling at the levers and learning the mechanical details of the grounded machine*



*The new Cabinet. Composite photograph of its members. Mr. Wickersham's mustache is in the ascendent*



*Three world-beaters—the speedy scout cruisers "Salem," "Chester," and "Birmingham" lying at their docks*



*Honolulu celebrates Lincoln's Birthday with a parade of United States Regulars—the first cavalry ever seen in her streets. The company is the Fifth Cavalry*

## American Activities at Home and Abroad



Painted by James Montgomery Flagg for The Royal Tailors

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—You who are weary of "Pretty Men" clothes illustrations and of clothes that come true only in pictures.

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For here is a clothes advertisement that shows *real* men and the kind of clothes that real men wear. Here are the kind of men who are doing the work of the world—and here is your chance to get into

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—to bring to you no matter where you are, the clothes refinement and style of Michigan Avenue and Broadway—to do for the millions what the Fifth Avenue tailor in New York does for his handful of millionaire clubmen at five times our price. For our enormous business enables us to give you the best tailoring in the world at a price that no local tailor in the world could afford.

### A Long Distance Tailoring System

We are tailoring clothes to order for nearly half a million men. We are bringing to clothes buyers everywhere the skill and genius of the best tailors in New York and Chicago.

Distance is no bar. It is as easy to have your clothes made for you in our two great tailoring establishments as though our tailor shops were at your door.

All over America we have dealers taking measures for us and showing our exhaustless selection of beautiful Spring Woolens—over 500 samples of All Pure Wool—stunning Spring Patterns—from which you can pick your Easter suit!

### All Your Clothes Made-to-Order

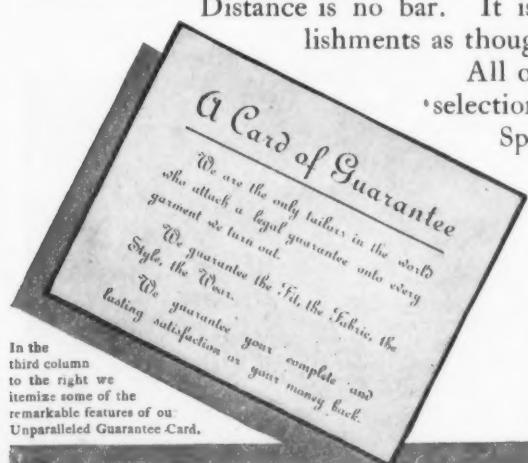
It ought to mean something to you to know that at last you can be free from Ready-Made make-shifts; that at last you can have all your clothes made to order; that from now on every yard of cloth and thread of silk that goes into your garments will be cut and stitched over your own body measures!

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It looks out upon the world of styles, not from the narrowness of a tiny local tailor shop window, but from the windows of a world-wide organization with eyes and brains in all the great style centers of this country.



Over 5,000 Royal Dealers  
26

T h e R o y

Chicago

*Joseph Nathan*

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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your wardrobe the kind of clothes that are helping them do it.

Not extreme clothes; not clothes of frills and filigree. But clothes of refinement, quality and tone. Clothes that fit, because they are *tailored* to fit. Clothes that harmonize with the figure, drape gracefully over the lines of the body and bring out the best in every man's physique.

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This national tailoring service isn't something for you to investigate next week, next season or next year. It is something for you to investigate now. Let us show you at once and for all, what we can do for you and your wardrobe.

There is a dealer near you—your own neighbor perhaps—who will take and send us your measures. And here in Chicago and New York we have the pick of the best tailors in the world, we design and drape your suit over these measures and have it ready for you before the local tailor would start to cut the cloth!

### Write Us To-day

To-day is the day to investigate this national tailoring system. To-day is the day to find out what it means to your wardrobe—and what it will do for your personal appearance. Let us send you the name of the nearest local dealer. Let us tell you what we will charge to make your Easter suit as a Fifth Avenue tailor would make it. Let us send you our book. Write us to-day.

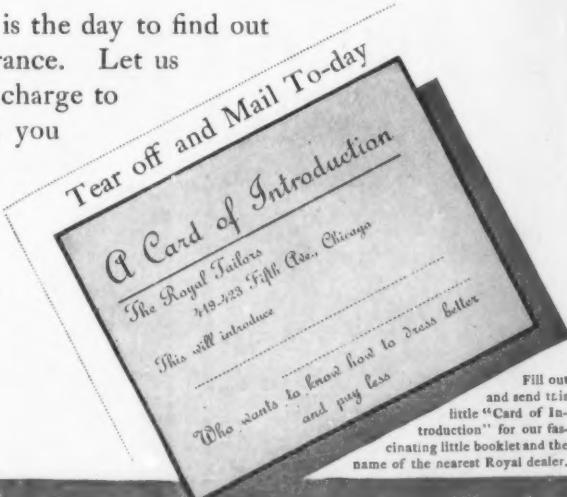
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Our legal guarantee card attached to every Royal garment warrants it not only to fit and satisfy when you first try it on, but to hold its Fit and Style Until Completely Worn Out. It warrants the cloth to be All Pure Wool and thoroughly shrunken; the coat collars and lapels to be hand padded, the seams sewed with purest silk, the buttons fastened on with eternal security!

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a l T a i l o r s  
President

New York



146 Branch Royal Stores

SPRING  
1909

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Our 10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed for 6 months.

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## Breaking Into Vaudeville

(Concluded from page 20)

to try it out. You must always "try it out." We did. In a five-cent theater, three times a day, before a handful of newsboys and foreigners. The largest audience of the week was on Thursday afternoon (their day out, you know), when there were twenty-two people in the parquet and three boys playing tag in the balcony. For a whole week there was never a smile, never a ripple, and we, who had thought it so funny, came back to New York. If they had a score-card in the booking office, it would very likely look like this:

Laughs.....	00
Laughs.....	00
Laughs.....	00

It must have died then, but we persisted because we had laughed. I pleaded for a chance before an audience—anywhere. I would have done it at the State Asylum for Feeble-minded. And then the managerial answer came to my prayer. One manager couldn't stand the tremolo of my wailing voice, and, probably to get rid of me at any cost, offered to give me a chance. But I must first get an actor to carry it whose name would be a freak in the dollar dime museum. I captured one and was immediately given five weeks in the most exclusive houses in New York as the top-line attraction. And how the people laughed! Not at the actor, but at the very same sketch that had languished in Lemon, New Jersey. The critics all said pleasant things and everybody laughed—I loudest of all. Then the managers (who are ever learning and ever improving, as stated above) told me they didn't need the big actor any more—the sketch was freak enough by itself. And now this poor thing, that came so near a lonely death in New Jersey, that no one would have anywhere at any price, is the headline feature in the best vaudeville theaters in the country. Truly, vaudeville is on the upward path. And my gratitude to the one manager who took a chance is unmeasurable.

It's fine to do things that you see other folks do; and, as nothing succeeds like success, I have requests for more one-act playlets. But the offers are declined because the two I have done may have been accidents, and I would dislike to saddle any one else with all the burdens of a failure. I am batting one thousand now, and don't care to lower my average. Besides, I must draw pictures in the daytime, in order to get enough money to produce plays at night.

Be a playwright! Anybody can be. Learn by mail. It's great! Come on in. The water's fine.

\* \* \*

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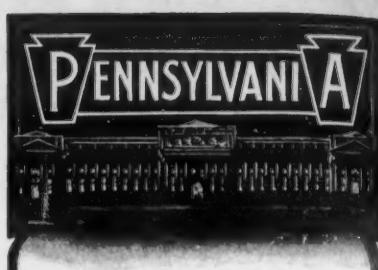
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Decidedly out of the ordinary is the work of these people:

#### AT LIBERTY, TWO GLASS BLOWERS

Having learned of so many gifted performers seeking engagements, it seems odd to find managers advertising for just such people for their companies. But here we find them doing that very thing:

**WANTED**—Strong Med. Actors, S. and D. B. F. Com. who can make acts go. Silent Act to feature, must double P. or O. Acrobatic S. and D., I. and D. Long that fakes P. or O. All go in acts. Change for weeks. Sober, and join here Oct. 26. Open 27. My limit 17 and H. R. Must make good. Prink, write. Address Herk. H., care Gen. Del., G. L.

This time the manager proves that he is not averse to using the space-saving device, and the cipher code will have to be employed to explain his wants.

"Strong Med. Actors" are those having had experience in the "medicine show" business. "S. and D. B. F. Com." calls for a "black-face song and dance comedian." "Silent Acts" are jugglers, contortionists, magicians, and the like. "Double P. or O." means that, in addition to doing silent acts, the performer must also play on the piano or organ. "Acrobatic S. and D." is plain, but "I. and D. Com. that fakes P. or O." requires elucidation. By applying the code, we find that an "Irish and Dutch comedian, who can fake accompaniments on the piano or organ," is wanted.

This manager is in a hurry, and saves time and money by the abbreviation system:

**WANTED QUICK**—For permanent stock in Western city, A1 Heavy Man, A1 Juvenile and Light Comedy Man, A1 Char. and Gen. Bus. Man, and Woman for Char. and Gen. Bus. All must be young, experienced, swell dressers on and off. Plenty of wardrobe. Good salary for right people. A. A., write. Join quick. Address, E. S. L., Manager, P. Stock Co., N. K.

Some managers seem to expect a great deal for their money. For example:

**WANTED, FIRST-CLASS COMEDIAN**—Who makes a specialty of German comedy, to do comedy in 15 minutes afterpiece, in my Great London Ghost Show. Also sing and dance for Balalaikas. \$25.00 per week and transportation to the man who can make good. I don't want a hag been or never was, but a What Is. Have paid out hundreds of dollars for the other kind this season, that is why the place is vacant. Write me quick as per route. Capt. W. D. A., A., G.

An engagement for a Carlisle student presents itself:

**WANTED**—Pianist. I want to hear from the best Indian Pianist in the country. Most unusual Indian and look the part, not necessary to read music, but you must be able to make them sit up and take notice when you play. This is no med. show. Big, sure salary to right party. No booze at all. State all in first. Address, G. D., C. Ave., I., Ind.

A method of killing two birds with one stone is shown here:

**WANTED**—For La Roy Comedy Co., performers in all lines, B. F. Comedian, Sketch Team, Piano Player, Musical Acts. Make your salary low, as you get it every week. M., where are you? H. L. R., F., Ohio.

The season's greetings are sometimes included in the advertisement:

**MERRY XMAS** and a Happy New Year to All My Friends! The — with My Enemies. Yours, the Original B. W. With his own Show, breaking records and not deceiving the Public.

This one reminds me of a story:

**WANTED**—Treasurer with \$200 for well established company, lady star. Address, G. R., M. St., E., Mass.

An actor called upon a delinquent manager and asked him for five dollars.

"Five dollars!" said the manager. "If I had five dollars I'd send out a Number Two Company."

Occasionally sarcastic messages are appended:

**P. H. CO.** wants A No. 1 Repertoire People in All Lines. Must have good wardrobe on and off. Tell all first letter. If you do specialty, say so. Name lowest. Pay own. Musical Director (Piano) who can arrange. Will buy Tack Out Scenery. What have you got? P. S.—B. D. Thanks for Disappointment. Address, J. B. S., Mgr., P. H. Co., N. H. H. Those wrote before, write again.

"B. D." must have promised to join and then changed her mind.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" wants a few tenants as described here:

**WANTED QUICK**—For D. and B.'s Spectacular Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, People in All Lines, including Musicians for Band and Orchestra, or Stage Man for Tom with script, Lady for Ophelia, with child, Topey, also Lady for Eliza. We pay all after joining. Don't put no family salaries, as they won't be noticed. Also a couple of dogs. Boners, drunks, keep off; we have had enough experience with them. Answer quick. M., M., Lock Box—

Many other unique and subtle expressions are to be found in these advertisements. One manager closes with: "Tourists save stamps; this is a show, not a pleasure party." Another warns prospective employees thus: "Don't ask it all, I want a little myself." As a special inducement a manager promises "salary every week in money"; while another goes him one better and agrees to pay salaries "twice a week." One selfish manager wants all the fun to himself and says so: "Manager does the drinking and kicking for the company."

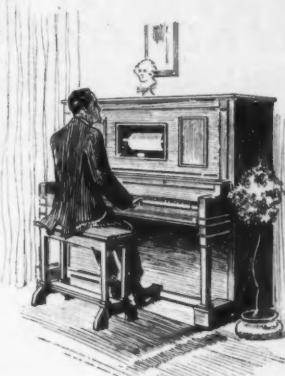
A few of the other undesirables mentioned are: "Drones," "ex-managers and prospective ones," "dope fiends," "dog-fanciers," "lemons," "invalids," and "hotel fighters."

## A STREET PIANO OR A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?



keyboard and you can play as you wish—and do it so well that were you unseen a listener could not say definitely that a Player Piano was being used.

Unlike most every other Player Piano, the mechanism of which is wooden for the most part and sensitive to climatic and atmospheric conditions, warping and twisting, etc.—the mechanism of the Cecilian is metal, therefore an absolutely sure, and easy control is possible at all times for the metal construction of the Cecilian is unaffected by temperature or atmosphere.



Since the Cecilian Player Piano is made by the pioneers of the Player Piano manufacturers its construction is reduced to the simplest form. There are fewer wearing points, fewer opportunities for waste or lost motion.

If you are interested in a Player Piano and you want a Player Piano that is the nearest thing to Human, don't buy the first Player Piano you come across—it may be only a Street Piano—it may play only 65 notes of the keyboard—but be sure you investigate the Cecilian, the only Player Piano that enables a perfect and a personal and an individual musical interpretation.

**Send for Literature.** (Free.) Drop us a postal for our art brochure and receive full information as to the superior construction of the Cecilian, showing the advantage of playing the entire keyboard of 88 notes, not merely 65 as most Player Pianos do. We will also direct you to the nearest dealer handling the Cecilian, and co-operate with you to the best of our ability to assist you to secure the best Player Piano extant.

PLAYS THE ENTIRE KEYBOARD OF 88 NOTES—NOT MERELY 65

**CECILIAN PLAYER PIANOS**  
THE FARRAND COMPANY, DEPT. E, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**T**HERE'S more truth than poetry in the saying that "the cut of a man's clothes is a guide to his calibre."

**Michaels-Stern Clothes**

have calibre stitched into them. That's why they are the choice of discriminating men who want to "look the part." Priced within reason.

**Michaels, Stern & Co.**  
Makers of  
High Grade Clothing  
ROCHESTER Dept. C



### For Lawn or Porch

no furniture is so much the vogue—so enduring—yet so comfortable as "Old Hickory." To armchair, corner, verandas, lawns, etc., it adds charm and rest. In homes far and wide wherever good taste seeks rather comfort than convention, "Old Hickory" has its abode. From "Claremont-on-the-Hudson" to "Old Faithful Inn" of Yellowstone Park the highest type of resorts have adopted.

### Old Hickory Furniture

People like it for its simple touch of nature—its comfortable breath of the woods. No paint mars the beautiful smooth bark on the legs and rungs of "Old Hickory." The seats of the chair are woven by hand from tough, leathery strips of hickory bark. Hewn sturdy yet artistic from the hickory woods, it stands now, easy, comfortable and enduring—made as in the long ago, when Clay, Calhoun and Jackson were like gods. The latest model of this chair so well people nicknamed him "Old Hickory"—That's our trademark, burnt into every article we make.

Write us for our Free Style Book, showing 150 pictures and telling all about "Old Hickory."

**The Old Hickory Chair Co., Box 13, Martinsville, Ind.**

**CALOX**  
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder  
Prevents Decay  
Dentists advise its use.  
All Druggists, 25 Cents.  
Trial Size Can and Bladder sent on  
receipt of Five Cents.  
McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York.

## The Guaranteed Hose That Give Extra Wear-Extra Ease

Made to wear where the wear comes most

There are many other hose sold under a six months' guarantee. It's really not a hard matter to make hose that will wear that long.

But we make your fast culture heavy, stiff, coarse, ill-fitting hose! Why not up with this discomfort? Everwear, though made to withstand hard wear, are as fine, soft and smooth as any hose you ever wore—a wonderful improvement over all other guaranteed hose.

You wonder how we make Everwear so durable yet so comfortable. There are several reasons.

The cotton we use is of an especially fine quality—a cotton that not only looks well, but one that resists great strain and hard wear.

Then the knitting is done by a special process. At the heel and toe the stitch is uniquely doubled—not thickened, but made closer, so that these parts retain the same soft texture as the balance of the hose.

They are shaped to the foot in the knitting. That is why they fit right as long as you wear them. The colors are absolutely fast, and will not crock or grow dingy.

We guarantee six pairs of Everwear to wear six months—and we give new hose FREE for anyone or all of six pairs that shows a hole, rip, or tear within that time.

We feel certain that you will enjoy more real satisfaction in wearing Everwear than any other hose. Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Read the description below and order accordingly. Send for our free booklet—"An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of one size in a box—solid or assorted colors

### SILK LISLE

Men's—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, London smoke, light and dark shades of blue, gray and green.

### Ladies'

\$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

### EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's—\$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

### Ladies'

\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet and tan.

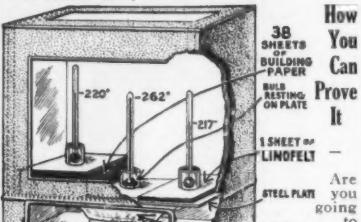
EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY  
Dept. 12  
Milwaukee, Wis.

## LINOFELT

Linen Felt made from Flax Fibre

38 Times as Effective Standard Building Paper

For excluding cold, heat or sound. Not expensive—it adds less than 1 per cent to the cost of any building; but adds fully 40 per cent to its warmth and comfort.



How You Can Prove It  
Are you going to flame build? Any kind of building—

You owe it to yourself to send for our FREE BOOK. Just the information you want to make your house warmer in winter—cooler in summer—protected against noises. Put on like building paper—sheathing and sound deadener.

Write UNION FIBRE CO.  
116 Fibre Ave., Winona, Minn.

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY  
Distributors, Cincinnati  
Branches and warehouses in all large cities in the U. S., Canada and Mexico

## F FARMS

### In the green fields of VIRGINIA

Where the summers are long and delightful; where the winters are short and mild. Here you can grow splendid crops at small cost. Rich soil, abundant water, excellent markets and good neighbors. Desirable Farms can be secured for

**\$10 PER ACRE AND UP**  
along the N. & W. Ry. Full information and valuable booklet upon request.

F. H. LaBAUME,  
Agricultural and Industrial Agent  
Norfolk & Western Railway  
Box M Y Roanoke, Va.

## PARIS GARTERS



No metal can come next the wearer

Nature has made the masculine leg flat on its inner front surface. From this point all stocking support should come.

PARIS is the only garter shaped and fitted in harmony with nature's plan. Guaranteed to satisfy.

A. STEIN & CO., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

## "THEY FIT ROYALLY"



Emperor  
Shirts, \$1.00 and up Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢  
Princely

UNLESS your shirt fits, the best material and most skilful workmanship count for nothing. The style and general correctness of a shirt depend wholly upon its fit.

"EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts apply to ready-to-wear garments the self-same careful and accurate methods of the "custom" shop.

They are cut full and roomy; they sit right; fit right; wear right; wash right. Every shirt is tried on a living model to insure ease, grace and poise. That's why "they fit royally."

Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive patterns to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts, and be sure to look for either of the labels shown above. Beautiful Style-Panorama "A" in colors sent free. Write for it.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, 502-504 Broadway, New York  
Also Makers of "Clock-Rabbit" Work Shirts

Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States. Established 1862.

## Is Your Pencil —

A "KOH-I-NOOR" or only an imitation?

"KOH-I-NOOR" pencils have evenly tempered, long wearing leads and are cased in the clearest of straight-grained cedar.

### Pencils for Every Purpose

"KOH-I-NOOR" pencils have been universally used and universally liked for many years. One "KOH-I-NOOR" will outlast six ordinary pencils. Get the genuine.

10 cents each, \$1 a dozen.  
Made in Austria. Sold and used everywhere.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 34 E. 23d St., New York

## Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickled Box—Hinged Top



There are dozens of different Shaving Sticks on the market but Williams' towers above them all like a giant among pygmies.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c, in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



Don't Think of Buying Any Launch Until You Write for Free Boat Book

## Four Great Launch Bargains

Only \$121.00

For this Complete  
Prince William  
16 foot Launch

and 2½ H. P. Guaranteed Self-Starting Engine,

9 miles per hour.

\$144 for 9½ miles per hour "Speedaway."

\$153 for the Canopy Topped "Winner."

\$160 for the Auto Topped 3 H. P. "Comfort" Launch.

For a limited time we offer to ship you, on approval, for \$121, this graceful, substantial, ready-to-launch

Motor-Boat—an ideal craft for Fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Boating. Safe for family and children. Steady

and seaworthy.

This Launch is the result of 30 years' successful experience in boat building, is a scientific compromise of the auto boat and flat bottom. Seating capacity 6 to 8; 16 feet long, 42-inch beam, 9-16 in. dressed planking. Can change seats and move about without danger of tipping. Boat is propelled at a speed of 9 to 10 miles per hour by a powerful Gile self-starting, odorless, noiseless, reversible 2½ H. P. Engine of the Single Cylinder, 2 Cycle type. Controlled absolutely by one single Lever which starts, stops, reverses, etc. Develops full 2½ H. P. at 500 rev. per minute; 3 H. P. at 700 rev.; construction simple, no cams, springs, or gears to get out of fix. 40-page catalog explaining Engine in detail sent free. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Send your name on a postal today for detailed description of this beautiful, ready-to-launch Motor-Boat. Investigate before buying any launch. Our special \$121.00 Price with Immediate Shipment Guaranteed is offered for a limited time only. This launch is complete—nothing more to buy, ordinarily sells for \$240.00.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE COMPANY, 203 River Street, Greenville, Michigan

## In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and  
Thoughts Concerning Common  
Industrial Methods, Products,  
and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

### THINKING VS. GUESSING

ANY of the big things in nearly every business are based on guessing. While there are notable exceptions, the fact remains that many important undertakings are decided upon with very little preliminary thought. It may take a year's hard thought and work for scores of men to carry out an idea, but whether it should really be done at all or not is too often a matter for a moment's guess.

It is worth while to consider that the improvements in business methods which will take place within the next few decades will necessarily be based more firmly on principles, and that those principles are in existence to-day, awaiting closer recognition. Knowledge of those principles must precede any intelligent use of them—although sometimes in practise we unconsciously do better than our theory.

At present too many business men affect the attitude of ignoring theory and devoting themselves to hard work. And yet they are following some sort of theory all the time, and it may be either right or wrong. Not to recognize that is to guess blindly. No amount of hard work can make a real success of a poor policy. It may stave off failure for a long while, but it can't build a permanent success that will go on when you pause to catch your breath.

There is a great difference between a business that makes a success in a big, crude way, and one that improves in character as well as in volume. Men who are the real progressives will naturally choose to develop business in point of character as an expression of refined personality, making the waste of to-day the profit of to-morrow; and whoever would be classed with them will, by comparison, be forced to pay more attention to underlying principles. This will bring into closer sympathy the world of scholarship and the fine arts and the world of business, and at length justify the contention that business is not necessarily guesswork, but that it can be worked out on principles as clearly defined as those recognized in the fields of electricity, music, and architecture.

### KNOWING ABOUT BEANS

IT APPEARS that the more we come to know beans the more of them we eat. Before the enterprising packing companies undertook to educate the public on the subject of beans, the supply grown in the United States was equal to the demand. We used to eat from five to eight million bushels a year. After we had been told through the magazines and newspapers that beans were "good for food," and the colored pictures of cans open and ready to serve had proved that beans were "pleasant to the sight," we began to eat more beans. Last year we ate twelve million bushels, about a half more than our best previous record, and had to import about three million bushels of beans from southern Europe. Incidentally the average wholesale price has been nearly doubled. Three States, New York, Michigan, and California, supply about ninety per cent of the beans marketed in this country. These figures include only the navy-bean, which is the variety that is extensively advertised.

### MAKING THINGS CONVENIENT

IT IS a distinct note in modern manufacture to make things more convenient. After a certain degree of proficiency is reached, the next step is to eliminate every needless motion, however small. This may be noted in the application of electricity to household utensils—cooking stoves, heaters, irons, chafing-dishes, coffee percolators, teapots, milk warmers, etc. The saving in convenience over the use of gas may be small, but there is a difference, and it is appreciated when once a comparison is made. Whoever has compared the ease and pleasure with which an electric light can be turned on by pulling a little chain, as against the method of turning on the black button at the bulb, can appreciate that the difference in convenience, though small, is really worth while. The

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# Victor

The greatest opera house of all—the *Victor*.

You don't have to go to Milan, London, Paris, Berlin, or New York to hear the masterpieces of opera sung by the world's most famous artists.

They're all combined in the *Victor*, which brings their magnificent voices right into your home for you to enjoy at your pleasure.

Go to-day to the nearest *Victor* dealer—he will gladly play grand opera or any other *Victor* music you want to hear.

There's a *Victor* for YOU—\$10 to \$250. Easy payments, if desired.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal  
Canadian Distributors



To get best results, use only *Victor* Needles on *Victor* Records

A complete list of new *Victor* Records for March will be found in the March number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, Current Literature and April Cosmopolitan

## Take These Three Offers

**Offer 1** A strongly bound copy of the masterful 104-page book, "How to Drive an Automobile,"—by Lougheed.

**Offer 2** Six French Automobile Posters (each measuring 10 x 16 inches), in a luxuriance of beautiful colors—all ready for framing or mounting on the wall.

**Offer 3** A six-months' trial subscription to MoToR, the National Magazine of Motoring, at the special introductory price of only \$1—in itself a straight saving of just 33½%.

**How These Three Great Offers Can Be Made By**

## MoToR

The National Magazine of Motoring

MoToR is for everybody interested in motor cars, either as a prospective buyer or as an owner of a motor car.

No matter what information you want about motor cars—their parts or accessories—MoToR is the most reliable source.

MoToR's editorial pages contain everything of interest to the motorist—descriptions of cars, parts, accessories, etc.—advertising articles, useful information—all attractively illuminated with beautiful pictures.

MoToR's advertising pages are just as important to the reader, particularly to the prospective buyer, as the text pages. And who—veteran enthusiast or novice—is not a prospective buyer? These interesting pages contain a wealth of the announcements of all the standard manufacturers of cars, parts, accessories, etc., in the world.

Each big copy of MoToR is finely printed on richly coated paper, exquisitely illustrated—making MoToR the real edition de luxe of all the automobile publications.

MoToR is now conducting one of the most extensive subscription campaigns that has probably ever been carried on by a similar publication. In order, therefore, to add 5000 new subscriptions—entirely in addition to the maximum expected from the most exacting advertisers—MoToR, for a short time only, has determined to make all three special offers above.

To secure all these three exceptional offers—the 104-page book, "How to Drive an Automobile,"—the six large beautiful French Automobile Posters in color—plus a six-months' trial subscription to MoToR at a saving of 33½%—merely wrap up a dollar bill and mail it today at our risk—now—before this special time-limited offer is withdrawn.

### The Reason



Address—today—MoToR, Room 66, 2 Duane Street, New York City

## Accurate— at 1 mile or 100

The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicating instrument you can buy—no matter what price you may pay—which is accurate at all speeds when you get it, and which will remain accurate as long as you have a car to use it on.

The Auto-Meter correctly indicates the slightest forward movement of the car, and with equal accuracy every range of speed up to as fast as you dare to drive.

All other "speed indicators" show no indication of speed whatever under 5 to 10 miles per hour. Watch them in use.

The Auto-Meter, because perfectly balanced in all its parts, works without internal vibration. Therefore the indicating dial is always steady and readable. No jar or jolt of the car can affect it. Speed alone moves it.

On all other "speed indicators" the indicating hand continually flutters over a space on the speed dial representing 5 to 10 miles. The supposed speed is somewhere between these points. You must guess where.

The Auto-Meter, because of the Magnetic Induction principle on which it works, can be and is made so sturdy and strong, and with such refinements of construction, that practical tests have shown that it will withstand a MILLION MILES of the hardest kind of driving, without appreciable wear or departing from absolute accuracy more than 10 feet to the mile.

All other instruments are made on the centrifugal principle. All contain weights, which occupy so much space that the remaining parts must be small and weak. Cams, small pins and delicate coiled springs are used. There is sliding friction everywhere. After a few months' use, wear of these delicate parts, and weakening of coiled springs when multiplied dozens of times through the indicating hand, renders centrifugal instruments so grossly inaccurate that they are worse than useless.

The Auto-Meter alone can be adjusted at the factory in a few minutes to correct the slightest inaccuracy—though this has never yet been necessary except in instruments injured by accidents.

In centrifugal instruments no provision is made

or can be made for adjustments or corrections.

When inaccurate they must be thrown away.

Their accuracy at the best is limited by a few

weeks or months. Then they are far worse than useless.

\*\*\*

The Auto-

Meter is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has but two moving parts.

These re-

volve. There is no sliding

friction. The

bearings are

sapphire jewels

and imported Hoff-

man Balls. Every part

must test accurately to 1-1000 of

an inch or it is thrown out. Such bearings will

practically last a lifetime without wear.

The Auto-Meter, because made on the only cor-

rect principle, is unvaryingly accurate and so

sure that it will outlast a dozen cars.

No centrifugal instrument—though the price



may be the same—can be considered in the same class, any more than a \$1 watch can be classed with a \$200 Chronometer.

The Odometer used in connection with the Auto-Meter is of own construction. It is as strong and durably built as the Auto-Meter itself. Season dial registers 100,000 miles. Other odometers register 10,000 miles only. This is often insufficient for a single season. Future mileage has been lost. The trip dial registers 1,000 miles and repeats. Other odometers register 100 miles only. A single turn of a button resets to zero. It is the only self-contained odometer on which the figures are not partly concealed by the speed indicating hand.

We want every automobile owner to know the comparative tests which will enable him to prove the truth of every claim we have made. We have put these in a book which will be sent to anyone for the asking. In your own interest, buy no speed indicator of any kind until you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money.

## The Warner Auto-Meter

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

Factory and Main Offices:  
**The Warner Instrument Co., 383 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.**  
New York, 1902 Broadway  
Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes St.  
Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.  
Detroit, 239 Jefferson Ave.

St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.  
Boston, 925 Boylston St.  
Buffalo, 722 Main St.  
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Ave.  
Cincinnati, 122 E. Seventh St.

Indianapolis, 330½ N. Illinois St.  
Philadelphia, 302 North Broad St.  
San Francisco, 550 Golden Gate Ave.  
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main St.

## Free

Get Our  
"Treat"  
Box of

Sorority

Chocolates  
"Taylor-Made"

JUST to introduce Sorority Chocolates where their goodness is not known—

To prove to you that no matter what candy you've been eating—Sorority

Chocolates—"Taylor-Made"—are indescribably

better—more delicious.

We want to send you free, Our "Treat" Box of Sorority

Creams—a dainty miniature of the full pound box—enough to

fully convince you how good they are.

All we ask you to do is to send us the name of your candy dealer

and five 2-cent stamps for postage and packing.

Sorority Chocolates are Chocolates De Luxe—the extra-fine

kind—long made by us as a "private stock" for our most exacting

customers. Now on general sale.

Crisp, snappy coverings of finest chocolate—delicious, mouth-

melting centers. Always pure—fresh—unbroken.

Sorority Chocolates—"Taylor-Made"—are packed in crafts-

manship boxes. 60 cents the pound—sold by leading dealers.

### Sorority Girl Artists' Duplicates

A famous artist has done for us in water colors a series of

ten fascinating college girl types—just the thing for framing—for your den.

Order a full pound (craftsmanship design)

box of Sorority Chocolates, sending one

dollar, and we will include three of

these stunning heads—size 11 x 29

inches—packing and delivery paid.

Address today.

Taylor Brothers Company

356 Taylor Bldg.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Manufacturers of the famous

Taylor-Made Candies—Taylor-Made Honeycomb Chocolate Chips—Taylor-Made Chocolate Chips—Taylor-Made Marshmallows.

Taylor Bros. Co.  
356 Taylor Bldg.  
Battle Creek, Mich.  
Gentlemen—Enclosed please find  
two 2-cent stamps for postage and pack-  
ing on miniature box of Sorority Chocolates—  
Taylor-Made to be sent me FREE.

My dealer's name is.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

# NEW-SKIN

TRADE-MARK

Instead of Court Plaster



Once it was this way,  
Now it's New-Skin



FOR all the little cuts  
and bruises that  
flesh is heir to, New-  
Skin is effective.

It is a thousand times  
better than the old-  
fashioned court-plaster  
and bandages.

New-Skin will not  
come off even if washed  
with soap and water. There  
is no daily changing of soiled  
bandages, no tearing off of  
dirty court plaster. There  
is nothing, in fact, but the first  
application which a child  
can perform.

When New-Skin is  
applied to the wound  
it forms a tough, trans-  
parent coating which is  
air-tight, water-proof,  
antiseptic and healing.

*"Paint it with New-Skin  
and forget it."*

NEWSKIN CO.

Dept. J New York

For sale by druggists every-  
where, 10 and 25 cents, or  
sent by mail. Stamps taken.

# 6 pairs \$1

Guaranteed  
for 6 months

You get all the wear without  
extra cost. Don't pay more  
money for no better stockings.

### Manheim Mendless Hose

will outlast their guarantee. If a pair needs mending inside of six months, we'll give you a new pair free. Manheim Mendless Hose are doubly reinforced where the wear comes. They are made to stand hard knocks.

**Men's Socks.** Sizes 9½ to 11½, in black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray. Sold only 6 pairs (one size) in a box, with guarantee, \$1.00.

**Women's Stockings.** Sizes 8 to 10½, in black, and light and dark tan. Sold only 6 pairs (one size) in a box, with guarantee, for \$1.50.

If your dealer hasn't **Manheim Mendless Hose** don't accept a substitute. Send us \$1 for men's or \$1.50 for women's, state size (or size of shoe) and color—assorted colors if desired—and we will send you 6 pairs at present.

**Manheim Hosiery Mills**  
50 E. Granby Street  
Manheim, Pa.

Attractive terms  
to dealers in  
territory where  
we are not  
already represented.

\$2.00  
less  
\$1.00  
\$1.00  
saved

Boerner's  
Keystone  
Nat'l Bank,  
Manheim, Pa.



**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

We will ship you a  
"RANGER" BICYCLE  
on approval, freight  
prepaid to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than you can get elsewhere regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

**LOW FACTORY PRICES** We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 midshipmen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample of the 1909 Ranger Bicycle published by us. You will be astonished at the wonderfully low prices and the fine quality of the bicycles. Write at once for our special offer.

**DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue. **BICYCLE DEALERS:** you can sell our bicycles under your own name, plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

**SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade. Our large retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptions, bargain list mailed free.

**TIRES, COASTER BRAKES,** single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

**DO NOT WAIT** but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postage to get everything. Write it now.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. H 54, CHICAGO, ILL.**

### Cheaper Than Horses

Goes as fast and as far as you like under all conditions of weather and roads. Surrey develops 16-H.P. Runs from two to thirty miles per hour, and goes thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline.

### MCINTYRE MOTOR VEHICLES

Best pleasure and business vehicles—never get tired tires troubles. Book of facts, figures and proof free. Prices from \$375 up according to style of body. Get catalog No. 50.

**W. H. McIntyre Co., Auburn, Indiana**  
256-257 Broadway, New York 1730 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

### Binder for Collier's

\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

### VANCO BEST PASTE HAND SOAP

REMOVES GREASE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.  
**Chiclets**  
REALY DELIGHTFUL  
**The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum**  
Particularly Desirable after Dinner.

YOUR EMPLOYER KNOWS that the mind easily concentrates while you chew Chiclets.

Put up in little green bags for a nickel and in 5.10 and 25 cent packets by Frank Si-Fleer & Company, Philadelphia, U.S.A. + and Toronto, Canada +

### You Have a Right to Independence



You have a right to independence, but you must have an honest purpose to earn it. Many have purpose, ambition and energy, but thorough direction and intelligent help must be supplied. My instruction supplies the first, and our Co-operative Bureau fulfills the second. Large numbers have availed themselves of both, succeeding to remarkable degree. Investigate, without prejudice, this opportunity to

### Learn The Collection Business

and escape salaried drudgery for life. If you have an idea that the collection business as I teach it is not as safe, sure and dignified as a bank, or any other profitable business, you are mistaken, and I will prove it, if you earnestly desire to get ahead. No essential branch of business is so limitless, nor less crowded. No business may be built so large without investment of capital. I will gladly send you, for the asking "POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS".

It may mean comfort for life, if not a great deal more. Write for it now.

W. A. SHRYER, Pres., AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 50 State St., Detroit, Mich.

electric iron, perhaps more than some other articles, quickly demonstrates its saving of labor and time, and paves the way for other devices.

It is not a fad, but an improved condition, based on increased convenience, that has given such wide popularity, in the last few years, to the use of electricity in the household. Even the slight additional expense for electricity over gas, which prevails in some cities, has not checked the response to that which promises to make housework one step nearer play.

### HOW BUILDINGS TELL

THE observer of buildings may read with ease many a secret of the builder's heart, whether it be pride, ambition, hypocrisy, or solid worth. The apartment building that is "built to sell" is easier to read than some structures which are the expression of composite thought. There is a good exterior appearance, halls heavy with "style," with tiled floors, marble walls, and massive chandeliers. But inside the apartments, on every hand, there are evidences of a conscious intention to skimp and neglect even ordinary standards of good carpenter work.

How unwittingly does the builder rear this projection of his inmost character? Would it restrain him to know that others regarded his work as an open confession of the very things he would prefer to hide? It might not change his character, but it could cause him to make such a building as he would like to be thought of as corresponding to in character. If this method of interpreting buildings were to be popularized it might raise the standards of the industry. Our contribution to this end would be a proverb, to pass current wherever buildings are contemplated: "A building is a confession in stone."

### INACCURATE PRECEDENTS

PERSONS whose theories of conduct, either in business or personal affairs, are based on what are supposed to be historical facts, can learn much from the inevitable inaccuracies of journalism. It is often found that conscientious writers of great ability, after making at first hand the most painstaking investigations, sometimes miss the actual facts in the case, and support and emphasize rumors and total misapprehensions. If the work of gathering present-day facts, when on the spot for that purpose, is so difficult and uncertain, and that of interpreting them in true relation to the whole so hazardous, what a veil of doubt this must throw over the supposedly established facts of the near or remote past, especially when the effort to record such facts is not undertaken until years after the events were supposed to have happened. A consideration of this point forces the conclusion that present-day problems can not be safely handled by placing too much reliance on what are supposed to be precedents of the past. Many honored precedents were, in their day, but hasty expedients of ill-informed men, often repented of, and almost always inaccurately reported.

### HANDLING RESPONSIBLE MEN

WHATEVER puts more vim into a workman is a business asset. If a man can be made to take a more intelligent interest in his work, and put the force of his own purpose behind it, that is a condition worth working for. To add twenty-five per cent to the gross sales of a business may not mean as much in net profit as to add twenty-five per cent to the efficiency of the working force—to get them to give twenty-five per cent more vital work for the same expense. This principle is well understood in the manufacturing business and in other lines where there is a tangible relation between the expense and the output. But it is often overlooked in dealing with men of responsibility. Such men, being human, are affected by moods and degrees of interest in their work even more than the employee who does more mechanical or routine work. Not to recognize this and conserve it, not to stimulate it and mold it along lines of improvement, is one of the greatest wastes of paid-for energy and intelligence that can be found anywhere in the business world. The only worse thing is to attempt to govern such men too closely, and so deprive them of the spontaneity and initiative of individual action. Few things add so much interest to the work of a responsible man as the intelligent and cordial appreciation of his work by his equals and superiors and the feeling that there are standards which he must still strive to attain.

### PURE MILK FOR BABY

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gall Borden in the early '50's. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants.—Adv.

# ICY HOT BOTTLE

Stays Cold  
for 3 Days

Did you ever stop to think how indispensable an article like the Icy-Hot Bottle is—the many uses it can be put to. Boiling hot coffee, soup or any liquid poured in the Icy-Hot Bottle remains hot 24 hours. Icy-cold liquids remain cold in this bottle for 3 days.

The Icy-Hot Bottle is one of the most practical articles on the market. It is a boon to the sick room, to the mother wishing to keep baby's milk warm, for autoists, sportsmen, tourists. There are in fact hundreds of uses for it as it does away with re-heating or re-icing liquids entirely.

Nothing better than the climate we absolutely guarantee these Icy-Hot Bottles to fulfill every requirement.

Made of glass with a protecting metal cover. Will not break or get out of order and absolutely sanitary. At all dealers.

Write for our illustrated book and more information about these bottles. Price within reach of all.

**THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.**  
216-218 Opera Place Cincinnati, O.

### Let Me Pay the Postage on My Big Free Buggy Book to You

Although it costs me 8 cents to mail every one of these books, yet I'll send you one Free just because I want you to know about my Celebrated Split Hickory Buggies—Made to Order—Sold Direct from my Factories on 30 Days' Free Trial—Guaranteed Two Years. Over 125,000

### Split Hickory Vehicles

are now in use giving satisfaction in every part of the country.

My Direct Factory Price saves you big money. My 1909 Book gives descriptions and prices of over 125 styles of Split Hickory Vehicles and Full Line of High-Grade Harness.

### 30 Days' Free Test

Guaranteed 2 Years



### PERFECTION Marine Engines

2 TO 25 H.P.  
1 to 4 Cylinders

If you seek reliability buy a "Perfection." Highest quality and lowest price. Standard and "Perfection" valveless design. Simple, strong, powerful, easy operating. Made of flywheel starts. Elevator Commutator; ground cylinders and pistons. Sold on our "square deal" plan. Complete catalogues about entire line at equally low prices. We also make stationary engines for shop or farm.

**THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO.**  
1330 2nd Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily cleaned and wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at cost. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 919 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia



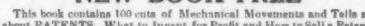
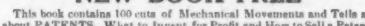
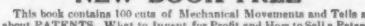
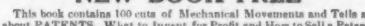
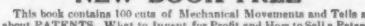
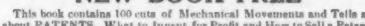
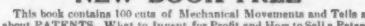
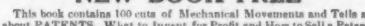
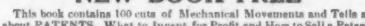
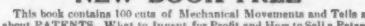
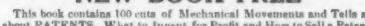
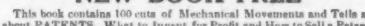
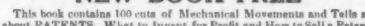
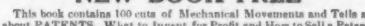
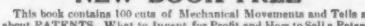
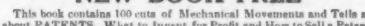
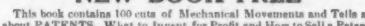
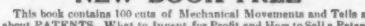
Either style, with any three letters or figures, and one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver, 25c. each, \$2.50 a doz.; Silver Plated, 10c. each, \$1.00 a doz. Special designs in Pins or Badges made for any School or Society, low prices. Send design for estimate. Catalogue free.

**BASTIAN BROS.**, 152 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

### CLASS PINS and BADGES COLLEGE-SCHOOL SOCIETY-LODGE

With any three letters or figures, and one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver, 25c. each, \$2.50 a doz.; Silver Plated, 10c. each, \$1.00 a doz. Special designs in Pins or Badges made for any School or Society, low prices. Send design for estimate. Catalogue free.

**BASTIAN BROS.**, 152 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



# Men Who Can Afford Any Car Are Proud to Own This \$1500 One

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Tells all  
a Patent  
n. D. C.  
GILLES

Of the Chalmers-Detroit "30's" we have already delivered about 1,500 cars. And a very large percentage have been sold to men who could afford any car—men who have already owned higher priced cars.

This car has been called "A millionaire's car brought within reach of the many." But we did not suppose that so much of our output would go to men used to paying three times our price.

For the Chalmers-Detroit "30" is sold for \$1500.

## What Does It Mean?

Some of these men buy the Chalmers-Detroit "30" because the high-priced car costs too much to keep up.

Some are buying our "30," in Tourabout or Roadster style, to serve most of their uses, and thus save the big car.

This is our explanation:

These men who know cars—who demand the best—are first to recognize all the perfections of the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

If they are not themselves competent judges, they employ engineers to make comparisons for them.

They are less apt than the new owner to be influenced by arguments. They go to the bottom of things.

And they have found, in the Chalmers-Detroit "30," the most up-to-date car at any price on the market.

## They Know Mr. Coffin

The men who know good automobiles also know Mr. H. E. Coffin, the man who designed our "30."

They have known him for years as the chief designer of the Thomas Companies. They have known him as designer of the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—the best medium-priced car on the market.

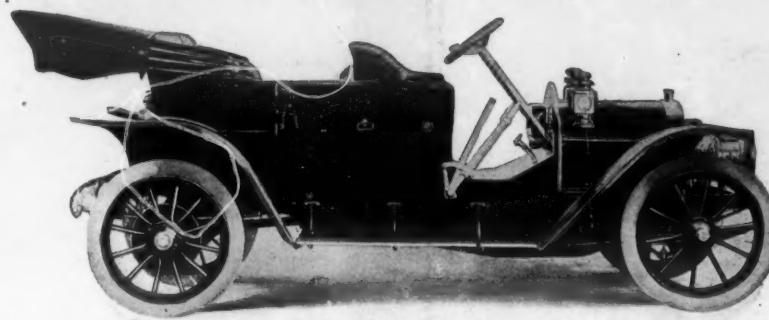
And they know that when Mr. Coffin spent two years on our "30"—made two trips to Europe to gain ideas for it—he has surely created a type of car which they want.

The result is, many of our cars are going to old owners.

But this is the car of the many. There are 50,000 people who can now, for the first time, own a high-grade car.

## The Most for the Money

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" should appeal, above all, to the economical. Its very low cost, and



## Chalmers-Detroit "30" Price \$1500

A 4-cylinder, 5-passenger, high-grade car. Made as  
Touring Car, Tourabout and Roadster

its low cost of upkeep, open the way to an army of new owners.

We made the car for them, and we are anxious that they should get it.

Our profit on this car runs only nine per cent. There was never a car that gave so much for the money.

The factory cost on our 4-cyl. engine is \$261. Our transmission costs us \$94. Our axles cost us \$125. The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us \$103. None but the very highest-priced cars use anywhere near so many.

The man who wants to get the most for his money has no choice whatever. Never did a car at any price give so much real value. Never can any car give any more.

## The Features of the Future

The features of the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are the features which will mark the best cars of the future. In fact, they belong to a pretty large share of the best, highest priced cars of the present.

For instance, the cylinders cast en bloc. Every great foreign car under 30 h. p. has now adopted this feature. A new 6-cyl. foreign car has just come out with it. The Stearns—a famous American car—has adopted it.

Just as soon as makers can change their models, you will find the four cylinders cast together in nearly all the best cars.

For in this way alone can one get perfect alignment, and perfect water circulation. In this way alone can one secure the popular short bonnet, and give the extra room in the tonneau.

The two-bearing crank shaft is another feature which is bound to

able. All of these features will be adopted in time in the cars which succeed in this class.

## The Best Tested Car

No other car at any price has stood such severe tests for reliability as has the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

One of these cars has been run over 27,000 miles. One of them ran, for 100 consecutive days, 208 miles per day, without missing a trip and without a single mechanical breakdown.

One hundred of these cars, in 100 cities, each made a non-stop run of 200 miles last Election Day. Never before has any car shown such average reliability.

Those are the facts which people appreciate who have had experience with cars.

## 1,500 Cars in Use

Another fact is that nearly 1,500 users are already running these cars. There are owners everywhere proving these cars every day. It is a very easy matter to learn what the cars are doing.

But our whole output for this season, of the Chalmers-Detroit "30," is 2,500 cars. So there are only 1,000 more to be sold. That means but four cars for each one of our agents.

These cars will go to those who act first, and to those who investigate most. Please send us this coupon to learn all the facts. Then talk with our nearest agent.

## The Utmost Value That Any Price Can Buy

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" excels our "30" only in size and power. It was designed by Mr. Coffin and has for years been recognized as the best medium-priced car on the market. It has won scores of important events.

This is as good a car as any price can buy. To pay more is extravagance. All that anyone wants in a 5-passenger car is here in its highest perfection.

The dandy car—quiet, speedy and powerful. We have never been able to supply the demand for them. Last year we ran 200 short.

Made in Roadster, Baby Tonneau and Touring Car bodies—price \$2,750. The "Forty" Roadster is the raciest looking car of its class.

Send us this coupon for Catalog showing all styles of both cars.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO.

Detroit, Mich.

Please send me your catalog.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

COLLIER'S, New York.

# Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Formerly E. R. Thomas-Detroit Co.

(Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers)

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# COLUMBIA

(FRONT)



(BACK)



*Music on  
both sides*

*Two records at  
a single price!*

COLUMBIA  
INDESTRUCTIBLE  
CYLINDER RECORD

## Columbia Double-Disc Records, 65c

Fit any Disc Machine and Double its Value

To owners of disc machines, of every make—  
Columbia and others:

We guarantee you a better record on each side of the Columbia Double-Disc Record than you ever bought before under any name at any price—better in surface, tone and durability. Be sure you see a Columbia dealer, hear the records played, and get a catalog.

If your dealer does not carry Columbia Double-Disc Records, we will send you a sample, postage paid, for 65 cents, and a catalog with it.

### Columbia Disc Graphophones

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone—\$20 to \$200. Catalog free.



## Columbia Indestructible Records, 35c

Fit any Cylinder Machine and Last Forever

To owners of cylinder machines, of every make—  
Columbia and others:

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records won't break, no matter how roughly they are used; they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. Moreover, their tone is far purer, clearer and more brilliant than that of any other cylinder record made.

If your dealer does not carry Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, send us 35 cents and we will send you a sample by return mail, postage paid—with a catalog.

### Columbia Cylinder Graphophones

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone—\$20 to \$200. Catalog free.



COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L  
Dept. B3, Tribune Building, New York

BRANCHES:  
New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Washington, London.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CANADA: 40 Melinda Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dealers in all principal cities.

Dealers Wanted—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented. Jobbers Wanted—Exclusive Columbia jobbing rights open in choice territory.

# RECORDS